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THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE WHITE ROSE.

I WAS too quick for Colonel Gaillarde. As he raised his sword, reckless of all consequences but my condign punishment, and quite resolved to cleave me to the teeth, I struck him across the side of his head, with my heavy stick; and while he staggered back, I struck him another blow, nearly in the same place, that felled him to the floor, where he lay as if dead.

I did not care one of his own regimental buttons, whether he was dead or not; I was, at that moment, carried away by such a tumult of delightful and diabolical emotions!

I broke his sword under my foot, and flung the pieces across the street. The old Count de St. Alyre skipped nimbly without looking to the right or left, or thanking anybody, over the floor, out of the door, down the steps, and into his carriage. Instantly I was at the side of the beautiful Countess, thus left to shift for herself; I offered her my arm, which she took, and I led her to her carriage. She entered, and I shut the door. All this without a word.

I was about to ask if there were

any commands with which she would honour me—my hand was laid upon the lower edge of the window, which was open.

The lady's hand was laid upon mine timidly and excitedly. Her lips almost touched my cheek as she whispered hurriedly,

'I may never see you more, and, oh! that I could forget you. Go—farewell—for God's sake, go!'

I pressed her hand for a moment. She withdrew it, but tremblingly pressed into mine the rose which she had held in her fingers during the agitating scene she had just passed through.

All this took place while the Count was commanding, entreating, cursing his servants, tipsy, and out of the way during the crisis, my conscience afterwards insinuated, by my clever contrivance. They now mounted to their places with the agility of alarm. The postillions' whips cracked, the horses scrambled into a trot, and away rolled the carriage, with its precious freightage, along the quaint main street, in the moonlight, toward Paris.

I stood on the pavement, till it was quite lost to eye and ear in the distance.

With a deep sigh, I then turned, my white rose folded in my handkerchief—the little parting *gage*—the

‘Favour secret, sweet, and precious;’

which no mortal eye but hers and mine had seen conveyed to me.

The care of the host of the Belle Etoile, and his assistants, had raised the wounded hero of a hundred fights partly against the wall, and propped him at each side with portmanteaus and pillows, and poured a glass of brandy, which was duly placed to his account, into his big mouth, where, for the first time, such a Godsend remained unswallowed.

A bald-headed little military surgeon of sixty, with spectacles, who had cut off eighty-seven legs and arms to his own share, after the battle of Eylau, having retired with his sword and his saw, his laurels and his sticking-plaster to this, his native town, was called in, and rather thought the gallant Colonel's skull was fractured, at all events there was concussion of the seat of thought, and quite enough work for his remarkable self-healing powers, to occupy him for a fortnight.

I began to grow a little uneasy. A disagreeable surprise, if my excursion, in which I was to break banks and hearts, and, as you see, heads, should end upon the gallows or the guillotine. I was not clear, in those times of political oscillation, which was the established apparatus.

The Colonel was conveyed, snorting apoplectically, to his room.

I saw my host in the apartment in which we had supped. Wherever you employ a force of any sort, to carry a point of real importance, reject all nice calculations of economy. Better to be a thousand per cent. over the mark, than the smallest fraction of a

unit under it. I instinctively felt this.

I ordered a bottle of my landlord's very best wine; made him partake with me, in the proportion of two glasses to one; and then told him that he must not decline a trifling *souvenir* from a guest who had been so charmed with all he had seen of the renowned Belle Etoile. Thus saying, I placed five-and-thirty napoleons in his hand. At touch of which his countenance, by no means encouraging before, grew sunny, his manners thawed, and it was plain, as he dropped the coins hastily into his pocket, that benevolent relations had been established between us.

I immediately placed the Colonel's broken head upon the *tapis*. We both agreed that if I had not given him that rather smart tap of my walking-cane, he would have beheaded half the inmates of the Belle Etoile. There was not a waiter in the house who would not verify that statement on oath.

The reader may suppose that I had other motives, beside the desire to escape the tedious inquisition of the law, for desiring to recommence my journey to Paris with the least possible delay. Judge what was my horror then to learn, that for love or money, horses were nowhere to be had that night. The last pair in the town had been obtained from the Ecu de France, by a gentleman who dined and supped at the Belle Etoile, and was obliged to proceed to Paris that night.

Who was the gentleman? Had he actually gone? Could he possibly be induced to wait till morning?

The gentleman was now upstairs getting his things together, and his name was Monsieur Droquville.

I ran upstairs. I found my servant St. Clair in my room. At sight of him for a moment, my thoughts were turned into a different channel.

'Well, St. Clair, tell me this moment who the lady is?' I demanded.

'The lady is the daughter or wife, it matters not which, of the Count de St. Alyre;—the old gentleman who was so near being sliced like a cucumber to-night, I am informed, by the sword of the general whom Monsieur, by a turn of fortune, has put to bed of an apoplexy.'

'Hold your tongue, fool! The man's beastly drunk—he's sulking—he could talk if he liked—who cares? Pack up my things. Which are Monsieur Droville's apartments?'

He knew of course; he always knew everything.

Half an hour later Monsieur Droville and I were travelling towards Paris, in my carriage, and with his horses. I ventured to ask the Marquis d'Harmonville, in a little while, whether the lady, who accompanied the Count, was certainly the Countess. 'Has he not a daughter?'

'Yes; I believe a very beautiful and charming young lady—I cannot say—it may have been she, his daughter by an earlier marriage. I saw only the Count himself to-day.'

The Marquis was growing a little sleepy and, in a little while, he actually fell asleep in his corner. I dozed and nodded; but the Marquis slept like a top. He awoke only for a minute or two at the next posting-house, where he had fortunately secured horses by sending on his man, he told me.

'You will excuse my being so dull a companion,' he said, 'but till to-night I have had but two

hours' sleep, for more than sixty hours. I shall have a cup of coffee here; I have had my nap. Permit me to recommend you to do likewise. Their coffee is really excellent.' He ordered two cups of *café noir*, and waited, with his head from the window. 'We will keep the cups,' he said, as he received them from the waiter, 'and the tray. Thank you.'

There was a little delay as he paid for these things; and then he took in the little tray, and handed me a cup of coffee.

I declined the tray; so he placed it on his own knees, to act as a miniature table.

'I can't endure being waited for and hurried,' he said, 'I like to sip my coffee at leisure.'

I agreed. It really *was* the very perfection of coffee.

'I, like Monsieur le Marquis, have slept very little for the last two or three nights; and find it difficult to keep awake. This coffee will do wonders for me; it refreshes one so.'

Before we had half done, the carriage was again in motion.

For a time our coffee made us chatty, and our conversation was animated.

The Marquis was extremely good-natured, as well as clever, and gave me a brilliant and amusing account of Parisian life, schemes, and dangers, all put so as to furnish me with practical warnings of the most valuable kind.

In spite of the amusing and curious stories which the Marquis related, with so much point and colour, I felt myself again becoming gradually drowsy and dreamy.

Perceiving this, no doubt, the Marquis, good-naturedly suffered our conversation to subside into silence. The window next him was open. He threw his cup out of it; and did the same kind office

for mine, and finally the little tray flew after, and I heard it clank on the road; a valuable waif, no doubt, for some early wayfarer in wooden shoes.

I leaned back in my corner; I had my beloved *souvenir*—my white rose—close to my heart, folded, now, in white paper. It inspired all manner of romantic dreams. I began to grow more and more sleepy. But actual slumber did not come. I was still viewing, with my half-closed eyes, from my corner, diagonally, the interior of the carriage.

I wished for sleep; but the barrier between waking and sleeping seemed absolutely insurmountable; and instead, I entered into a state of novel and indescribable indolence.

The Marquis lifted his despatch box from the floor, placed it on his knees, unlocked it, and took out what proved to be a lamp, which he hung with two hooks, attached to it, to the window opposite to him. He lighted it with a match, put on his spectacles, and taking out a bundle of letters, began to read them carefully.

We were making way very slowly. My impatience had hitherto employed four horses from stage to stage. We were in this emergency, only too happy to have secured two. But the difference in pace was depressing.

I grew tired of the monotony of seeing the spectacled Marquis reading, folding, and docketing, letter after letter. I wished to shut out the image which wearied me, but something prevented my being able to shut my eyes. I tried again and again; but, positively, I had lost the power of closing them.

I would have rubbed my eyes, but I could not stir my hand, my will no longer acted on my body

—I found that I could not move one joint, or muscle, no more than I could, by an effort of my will, have turned the carriage about.

Up to this I had experienced no sense of horror. Whatever it was, simple night-mare was not the cause. I was awfully frightened! Was I in a fit?

It was horrible to see my good-natured companion pursue his occupation so serenely, when he might have dissipated my horrors by a single shake.

I made a stupendous exertion to call out but in vain; I repeated the effort again and again, with no result.

My companion now tied up his letters, and looked out of the window, humming an air from an opera. He drew back his head, and said, turning to me—

‘Yes, I see the lights; we shall be there in two or three minutes.’

He looked more closely at me, and with a kind smile, and a little shrug, he said, ‘Poor child! how fatigued he must have been—how profoundly he sleeps! when the carriage stops, he will waken.’

He then replaced his letters in the despatch-box, locked it, put his spectacles in his pocket, and again looked out of the window.

We had entered a little town. I suppose, it was past two o’clock by this time. The carriage drew up, I saw an inn-door open, and a light issuing from it.

‘Here we are!’ said my companion, turning gaily to me. But I did not awake.

‘Yes, how tired he must have been!’ he exclaimed, after he had waited for an answer.

My servant was at the carriage door, and opened it.

‘Your master sleeps soundly, he is so fatigued! It would be cruel to disturb him. You and I will go in, while they change the horses, and take some refreshment,

and choose something that Monsieur Beckett will like to take in the carriage, for when he awakes by-and-by he will, I am sure, be hungry.'

He trimmed his lamp, poured in some oil; and taking care not to disturb me, with another kind smile, and another word of caution to my servant, he got out, and I heard him talking to St. Clair, as they entered the inn-door, and I was left in my corner, in the carriage, in the same state.

CHAPTER VIII.

A THREE MINUTES' VISIT.

I have suffered extreme and protracted bodily pain, at different periods of my life, but anything like that misery, thank God, I never endured before or since. I earnestly hope it may not resemble any type of death, to which we are liable. I was, indeed, a spirit in prison; and unspeakable was my dumb and unmoving agony.

The power of thought remained clear and active. Dull terror filled my mind. How would this end? Was it actual death?

You will understand that my faculty of observing was unimpaired. I could hear and see anything as distinctly as ever I did in my life. It was simply that my will had, as it were, lost its hold of my body.

I told you that the Marquis d'Harmonville had not extinguished his carriage lamp on going into this village inn. I was listening intently, longing for his return, which might result, by some lucky accident, in awaking me from my catalepsy.

Without any sound of steps approaching, to announce an arrival, the carriage-door suddenly opened, and a total stranger got in silently, and shut the door.

The lamp gave about as strong a light as a wax-candle, so I could see the intruder perfectly. He was a young man, with a dark grey, loose surtout, made with a sort of hood, which was pulled over his head. I thought, as he moved, that I saw the gold-band of a military undress cap under it; and I certainly saw the lace and buttons of a uniform, on the cuffs of the coat that were visible under the wide sleeves of his outside wrapper.

This young man had thick moustaches, and an imperial, and I observed that he had a red scar running upward from his lip across his cheek.

He entered, shut the door softly, and sat down beside me. It was all done in a moment; leaning toward me, and shading his eyes with his gloved hand, he examined my face closely, for a few seconds.

This man had come as noiselessly as a ghost; and everything he did was accomplished with the rapidity and decision, that indicated a well defined and pre-arranged plan. His designs were evidently sinister. I thought he was going to rob and, perhaps, murder me. I lay, nevertheless, like a corpse under his hands. He inserted his hand in my breast pocket, from which he took my precious white rose and all the letters it contained, among which was a paper of some consequence to me.

My letters he glanced at. They were plainly not what he wanted. My precious rose, too, he laid aside with them. It was evidently about the paper I have mentioned, that he was concerned; for the moment he opened it, he began with a pencil, in a small pocket-book, to make rapid notes of its contents.

This man seemed to glide

through his work with a noiseless and cool celerity which argued, I thought, the training of the police-department.

He re-arranged the papers, possibly in the very order in which he had found them, replaced them in my breast-pocket, and was gone.

His visit, I think, did not quite last three minutes. Very soon after his disappearance, I heard the voice of the Marquis once more. He got in, and I saw him look at me, and smile, half envying me, I fancied, my sound repose. If he had but known all!

He resumed his reading and docketing, by the light of the little lamp which had just subserved the purposes of a spy.

We were now out of the town, pursuing our journey at the same moderate pace. We had left the scene of my police visit, as I should have termed it, now two leagues behind us, when I suddenly felt a strange throbbing in one ear, and a sensation as if air passed through it into my throat. It seemed as if a bubble of air, formed deep in my ear, swelled, and burst there. The indescribable tension of my brain seemed all at once to give way; there was an odd humming in my head, and a sort of vibration through every nerve of my body, such as I have experienced in a limb that has been, in popular phraseology, asleep. I uttered a cry and half rose from my seat, and then fell back trembling, and with a sense of mortal faintness.

The Marquis stared at me, took my hand, and earnestly asked if I was ill. I could answer only with a deep groan.

Gradually the process of restoration was completed; and I was able, though very faintly, to tell him how very ill I had been; and then, to describe the violation of

my letters, during the time of his absence from the carriage.

'Good heaven!' he exclaimed, 'the miscreant did not get at my despatch-box?'

I satisfied him, so far as I had observed, on that point. He placed the box on the seat beside him, and opened and examined its contents very minutely.

'Yes, undisturbed; all safe, thank heaven!' he murmured. 'There are half-a-dozen letters here, that I would not have some people read, for a great deal.'

He now asked with a very kind anxiety all about the illness I complained of. When he had heard me, he said—

'A friend of mine once had an attack as like yours as possible. It was on board-ship, and followed a state of high excitement. He was a brave man like you; and was called on to exert both his strength and his courage suddenly. An hour or two after, fatigue overpowered him, and he appeared to fall into a sound sleep. He really sank into a state which he afterwards described so, that I think it must have been precisely the same affection as yours.'

'I am happy to think that my attack was not unique. Did he ever experience a return of it?'

'I knew him for years after, and never heard of any such thing. What strikes me is a parallel in the predisposing causes of each attack. Your unexpected, and gallant hand-to-hand encounter, at such desperate odds, with an experienced swordsman, like that insane colonel of dragoons, your fatigue, and, finally, your composing yourself, as my other friend did, to sleep.'

'I wish,' he resumed, 'one could make out who that *coquin* was, who examined your letters. It is not worth turning back, however, because we should learn nothing.

Those people always manage so adroitly. I am satisfied, however, that he must have been an agent of the police. A rogue of any other kind would have robbed you.'

I talked very little, being ill and exhausted, but the Marquis talked on agreeably.

'We grow so intimate,' said he at last, 'that I must remind you that I am not, for the present, the Marquis d'Harmonville, but only Monsieur Droville; nevertheless, when we get to Paris, although I cannot see you often, I may be of use. I shall ask you to name to me the hotel at which you mean to put up; because the Marquis being, as you are aware, on his travels, the Hotel d'Harmonville is, for the present, tenanted only by two or three old servants, who must not even see Monsieur Droville. That gentleman will, nevertheless, contrive to get you access to the box of Monsieur le Marquis, at the Opera; as well, possibly, as to other places more difficult; and so soon as the diplomatic office of the Marquis d'Harmonville is ended, and he at liberty to declare himself, he will not excuse his friend, Monsieur Beckett, from fulfilling his promise to visit him this autumn at the Château d'Harmonville.'

You may be sure I thanked the Marquis.

The nearer we got to Paris, the more I valued his protection. The countenance of a great man on the spot, just then, taking so kind an interest in the stranger whom he had, as it were, blundered upon, might make my visit ever so many degrees more delightful than I had anticipated.

Nothing could be more gracious than the manner and looks of the Marquis; and, as I still thanked him, the carriage suddenly stopped

in front of the place where a relay of horses awaited us, and where, as it turned out, we were to part.

CHAPTER IX.

GOSSIP AND COUNSEL.

My eventful journey was over, at last. I sat in my hotel window looking out upon brilliant Paris, which had, in a moment, recovered all its gaiety, and more than its accustomed bustle. Every one has read of the kind of excitement that followed the catastrophe of Napoleon, and the second restoration of the Bourbons. I need not, therefore, even if, at this distance, I could, recall and describe my experiences and impressions of the peculiar aspect of Paris, in those strange times. It was to be sure my first visit. But, often as I have seen it since, I don't think I ever saw that delightful capital in a state, pleasurably, so excited and exciting.

I had been two days in Paris, and had seen all sorts of sights, and experienced none of that rudeness and insolence of which others complained, from the exasperated officers of the defeated French army.

I must say this, also. My romance had taken complete possession of me; and the chance of seeing the object of my dream, gave a secret and delightful interest to my rambles and drives in the streets and environs, and my visits to the galleries and other sights of the metropolis.

I had neither seen nor heard of Count or Countess, nor had the Marquis d'Harmonville made any sign. I had quite recovered the strange indisposition under which I had suffered during my night journey.

It was now evening, and I was beginning to fear that my patrician

acquaintance had quite forgotten me, when the waiter presented me the card of 'Monsieur Droquville;' and, with no small elation and hurry, I desired him to show the gentleman up.

In came the Marquis d'Harmonville, kind and gracious as ever.

'I am a night-bird at present,' said he, so soon as we had exchanged the little speeches which are usual. 'I keep in the shade, during the daytime, and even now I hardly ventured to come in a close carriage. The friends for whom I have undertaken a rather critical service, have so ordained it. They think all is lost, if I am known to be in Paris. First let me present you with these orders for my box. I am so vexed that I cannot command it oftener during the next fortnight; during my absence, I had directed my secretary to give it for any night to the first of my friends who might apply, and the result is, that I find next to nothing left at my disposal.'

I thanked him very much.

'And now, a word, in my office of Mentor. You have not come here, of course, without introductions?'

I produced half-a-dozen letters, the addresses of which he looked at.

'Don't mind these letters,' he said. 'I will introduce you. I will take you myself from house to house. One friend at your side is worth many letters. Make no intimacies, no acquaintances, until then. You, young men, like best to exhaust the public amusements of a great city, before embarrassing yourself with the engagements of society. Go to all these. It will occupy you, day and night, for at least three weeks. When this is over, I shall be at liberty, and will myself introduce you to the brilliant but comparatively quiet routine of society. Place

yourself in my hands; and in Paris remember, when once in society, you are always there.'

I thanked him very much, and promised to follow his counsels implicitly.

He seemed pleased, and said—

'I shall now tell you some of the places you ought to go to. Take your map, and write letters or numbers upon the points I will indicate, and we will make out a little list. All the places that I shall mention to you are worth seeing.'

In this methodical way, and with a great deal of amusing and scandalous anecdote, he furnished me with a catalogue and a guide, which, to a seeker of novelty and pleasure, was invaluable.

'In a fortnight, perhaps in a week,' he said, 'I shall be at leisure to be of real use to you. In the meantime, be on your guard. You must not play; you will be robbed if you do. Remember, you are surrounded, here, by plausible swindlers and villains of all kinds, who subsist by devouring strangers. Trust no one, but those you know.'

I thanked him again, and promised to profit by his advice. But my heart was too full of the beautiful lady of the Belle Etoile, to allow our interview to close without an effort to learn something about her. I therefore asked for the Count and Countess de St. Alyre, whom I had had the good fortune to extricate from an extremely unpleasant row in the hall of the inn.

Alas! he had not seen them since. He did not know where they were staying. They had a fine old house only a few leagues from Paris; but he thought it probable that they would remain, for a few days at least, in the city, as preparations would, no doubt, be necessary, after so long an absence, for their reception at home.'

'How long have they been away?'

'About eight months, I think.'

'They are poor, I think you said?'

'What you would consider poor. But, monsieur, the Count has an income which affords them the comforts and even the elegancies of life, living as they do, in a very quiet and retired way, in this cheap country.'

'Then they are very happy?'

'One would say they ought to be happy.'

'And what prevents?'

'He is jealous.'

'But his wife—she gives him no cause?'

'I am afraid she does.'

'How, monsieur?'

'I always thought she was a little too—a great deal too—'

'Too what, monsieur?'

'Too handsome. But although she has remarkably fine eyes, exquisite features, and the most delicate complexion in the world, I believe that she is a woman of probity. You have never seen her?'

'There was a lady, muffled up in a cloak, with a very thick veil on, the other night, in the hall of the Belle Etoile, when I broke that fellow's head who was bullying the old count. But her veil was so thick I could not see a feature through it.' My answer was diplomatic, you observe. 'She may have been the Count's daughter. Do they quarrel?'

'Who, he and his wife?'

'Yes.'

'A little.'

'Oh! and what do they quarrel about?'

'It is a long story; about the lady's diamonds. They are valuable—they are worth, La Perelieuse says, about a million of francs. The Count wishes them sold and turned into revenue, which he offers to settle as she

pleases. The Countess, whose they are, resists, and for a reason which, I rather think, she can't disclose to him.'

'And pray what is that?' I asked; my curiosity a good deal piqued.

'She is thinking, I conjecture, how well she will look in them when she marries her second husband.'

'Oh?—yes, to be sure. But the Count de St. Alyre is a good man?'

'Admirable, and extremely intelligent.'

'I should wish so much to be presented to the Count: you tell me he's so—'

'So agreeably married. But they are living quite out of the world. He takes her now and then to the Opera, or to a public entertainment; but that is all.'

'And he must remember so much of the old *régime*, and so many of the scenes of the revolution!'

'Yes, the very man for a philosopher, like you! And he falls asleep after dinner; and his wife don't. But, seriously, he has retired from the gay and the great world, and has grown apathetic; and so has his wife; and nothing seems to interest her now, not even—her husband!'

The Marquis stood up, to take his leave.

'Don't risk your money,' said he. 'You will soon have an opportunity of laying out some of it to great advantage. Several collections of really good pictures, belonging to persons who have mixed themselves up in this Bonapartist restoration, must come within a few weeks to the hammer. You can do wonders when these sales commence. There will be startling bargains! Reserve yourself for them. I shall let you know all about it. By-the-by, he

said, stopping short as he approached the door, 'I was so near forgetting. There is to be, next week, the very thing you would enjoy so much, because you see so little of it in England—I mean a *bal masqué*, conducted, it is said, with more than usual splendour. It takes place at Versailles—all the world will be there; there is such a rush for cards! But I think I may promise you one. Good-night! Adieu!'

CHAPTER X.

THE BLACK VEIL.

Speaking the language fluently and with unlimited money, there was nothing to prevent my enjoying all that was enjoyable in the French capital. You may easily suppose how two days were passed. At the end of that time, and at about the same hour, Monsieur Drogville called again.

Courtly, good-natured, gay, as usual, he told me that the masquerade ball was fixed for the next Wednesday, and that he had applied for a card for me.

How awfully unlucky. I was so afraid I should not be able to go.

He stared at me for a moment with a suspicious and menacing look which I did not understand, in silence, and then inquired, rather sharply,

'And will Monsieur Beckett be good enough to say, why not?'

I was a little surprised, but answered the simple truth: I had made an engagement for that evening with two or three English friends and did not see how I could.

'Just so! You English, wherever you are, always look out for your English boors, your beer and *'bifstek'*; and when you come here, instead of trying to learn some-

thing of the people you visit, and pretend to study, you are guzzling, and swearing, and smoking with one another, and no wiser or more polished at the end of your travels than if you had been all the time carousing in a booth at Greenwich.'

He laughed sarcastically, and looked as if he could have poisoned me.

'There it is,' said he, throwing the card on the table. 'Take it or leave it, just as you please. I suppose I shall have my trouble for my pains; but it is not usual when a man such as I takes trouble, asks a favour, and secures a privilege for an acquaintance, to treat him so.'

This was astonishingly impertinent!

I was shocked, offended, penitent. I had possibly committed unwittingly a breach of good-breeding, according to French ideas, which almost justified the brusque severity of the marquis's undignified rebuke.

In a confusion, therefore, of many feelings, I hastened to make my apologies, and to propitiate the chance friend who had showed me so much disinterested kindness.

I told him that I would, at any cost, break through the engagement in which I had unluckily entangled myself; that I had spoken with too little reflection, and that I certainly had not thanked him at all in proportion to his kindness and to my real estimate of it.

'Pray say not a word more; my vexation was entirely on your account; and I expressed it, I am only too conscious, in terms a great deal too strong, which, I am sure, your good nature will pardon. Those who know me a little better are aware that I sometimes say a good deal more than I intend;

and am always sorry when I do. Monsieur Beckett will forget that his old friend, Monsieur Droville, has lost his temper in his cause, for a moment, and—we are as good friends as before.'

He smiled like the Monsieur Droville of the Belle Etoile, and extended his hand, which I took very respectfully and cordially.

Our momentary quarrel had left us only better friends.

The Marquis then told me I had better secure a bed in some hotel at Versailles, as a rush would be made to take them; and advised my going down next morning for the purpose.

I ordered horses accordingly for eleven o'clock; and, after a little more conversation, the Marquis D'Harmonville bid me good-night, and ran down the stairs with his handkerchief to his mouth and nose, and, as I saw from my window, jumped into his close carriage again and drove away.

Next day I was at Versailles. As I approached the door of the Hotel de France, it was plain that I was not a moment too soon, if, indeed, I were not already too late.

A crowd of carriages were drawn up about the entrance, so that I had no chance of approaching except by dismounting and pushing my way among the horses. The hall was full of servants and gentlemen screaming to the proprietor, who, in a state of polite distraction, was assuring them, one and all, that there was not a room or a closet disengaged in his entire house.

I slipped out again, leaving the hall to those who were shouting, expostulating, wheedling, in the delusion that the host might, if he pleased, manage something for them. I jumped into my carriage and drove, at my horses' best pace,

to the Hotel du Reservoir. The blockade about this door was as complete as the other. The result was the same. It was very provoking, but what was to be done? My postillion had, a little officiously, while I was in the hall talking with the hotel authorities, got his horses, bit by bit, as other carriages moved away, to the very steps of the inn door.

This arrangement was very convenient so far as getting in again was concerned. But, this accomplished, how were we to get on? There were carriages in front, and carriages behind, and no less than four rows of carriages, of all sorts, outside.

I had at this time remarkably long and clear sight, and if I had been impatient before, guess what my feelings were when I saw an open carriage pass along the narrow strip of roadway left open at the other side, a barouche in which I was certain I recognized the veiled Countess and her husband. This carriage had been brought to a walk by a cart which occupied the whole breadth of the narrow way, and was moving with the customary tardiness of such vehicles.

I should have done more wisely if I had jumped down on the *trottoir*, and run round the block of carriages in front of the barouche. But, unfortunately, I was more of a Murat than a Moltke, and preferred a direct charge upon my object to relying on *tactique*. I dashed across the back seat of a carriage which was next mine, I don't know how; tumbled through a sort of gig, in which an old gentleman and a dog were dozing; stepped with an incoherent apology over the side of an open carriage, in which were four gentlemen engaged in a hot dispute; tripped at the far side in getting out, and fell flat across the backs of a pair

of horses, who instantly began plunging and threw me head foremost in the dust.

To those who observed my reckless charge without being in the secret of my object I must have appeared demented. Fortunately, the interesting barouche had passed before the catastrophe, and covered as I was with dust, and my hat blocked, you may be sure I did not care to present myself before the object of my Quixotic devotion.

I stood for a while amid a storm of *sacre-ing*, tempered disagreeably with laughter; and in the midst of these, while endeavouring to beat the dust from my clothes with my handkerchief, I heard a voice with which I was acquainted call, 'Monsieur Beckett.'

I looked and saw the Marquis peeping from a carriage-window. It was a welcome sight. In a moment I was at his carriage side.

'You may as well leave Versailles,' he said; 'you have learned, no doubt, that there is not a bed to hire in either of the hotels; and I can add that there is not a room to let in the whole town. But I have managed something for you that will answer just as well. Tell your servant to follow us, and get in here and sit beside me.'

Fortunately an opening in the closely-packed carriages had just occurred, and mine was approaching.

I directed the servant to follow us; and the Marquis having said a word to his driver, we were immediately in motion.

'I will bring you to a comfortable place, the very existence of which is known to but few Parisians, where, knowing how things were here, I secured a room for you. It is only a mile away, an old comfortable inn, called *Le Dragon Volant*. It was fortunate

for you that my tiresome business called me to this place so early.'

I think we had driven about a mile-and-a-half to the further side of the palace when we found ourselves upon a narrow old road, with the woods of Versailles on one side, and much older trees, of a size seldom seen in France, on the other.

We pulled up before an antique and solid inn, built of Caen stone, in a fashion richer and more florid than was ever usual in such houses, and which indicated that it was originally designed for the private mansion of some person of wealth, and probably, as the wall bore many carved shields and supporters, of distinction also. A kind of porch, less ancient than the rest, projected hospitably with a wide and florid arch, over which, cut in high relief in stone, and painted and gilded, was the sign of the inn. This was the Flying Dragon, with wings of brilliant red and gold, expanded, and its tail, pale green and gold, twisted and knotted into ever so many rings, and ending in a burnished point barbed like the dart of death.

'I shan't go in—but you will find it a comfortable place; at all events better than nothing. I would go in with you, but my incognito forbids. You will, I dare say, be all the better pleased to learn that the inn is haunted—I should have been, in my young days, I know. But don't allude to that awful fact in hearing of your host, for I believe it is a sore subject. Adieu. If you want to enjoy yourself at the ball take my advice, and go in a domino. I think I shall look in; and certainly, if I do, in the same costume. How shall we recognize one another? Let me see, something held in the fingers—a flower won't do, so many people will have flowers. Suppose you get a red cross a

couple of inches long—you're an Englishman—stitched or pinned on the breast of your domino, and I a white one? Yes, that will do very well; and whatever room you go into keep near the door till we meet. I shall look for you at all the doors I pass; and you, in the same way, for me; and we *must* find each other soon. So that is understood. I can't enjoy a thing of that kind with any but a young person; a man of my age requires the contagion of young spirits and the companionship of some one who enjoys everything spontaneously. Farewell; we meet to-night.'

By this time I was standing on the road; I shut the carriage-door; bid him good-bye; and away he drove.

CHAPTER XL

THE DRAGON VOLANT.

I took one look about me.

The building was picturesque; the trees made it more so. The antique and sequestered character of the scene, contrasted strangely with the glare and bustle of the Parisian life, to which my eye and ear had become accustomed.

Then I examined the gorgeous old sign for a minute or two. Next I surveyed the exterior of the house more carefully. It was large and solid, and squared more with my ideas of an ancient English hostellerie, such as the Canterbury pilgrims might have put up at, than a French house of entertainment. Except, indeed, for a round turret, that rose at the left flank of the house, and terminated in the extinguisher-shaped roof that suggests a French château.

I entered and announced myself as Monsieur Beckett, for whom a room had been taken. I was received with all the consideration

due to an English milord, with, of course, an unfathomable purse.

My host conducted me to my apartment. It was a large room, a little sombre, panelled with dark wainscoting, and furnished in a stately and sombre style, long out of date. There was a wide hearth, and a heavy mantelpiece, carved with shields, in which I might, had I been curious enough, have discovered a correspondence with the heraldry on the outer walls. There was something interesting, melancholy, and even depressing in all this. I went to the stone-shafted window, and looked out upon a small park, with a thick wood, forming the background of a château, which presented a cluster of such conical-topped turrets as I have just now mentioned.

The wood and château were melancholy objects. They showed signs of neglect, and almost of decay; and the gloom of fallen grandeur, and a certain air of desertion hung oppressively over the scene.

I asked my host the name of the chateau.

'That, monsieur, is the Château de la Carque,' he answered.

'It is a pity it is so neglected,' I observed. 'I should say, perhaps, a pity that its proprietor is not more wealthy?'

'Perhaps so, monsieur.'

'Perhaps?'—I repeated, and looked at him. 'Then I suppose he is not very popular.'

'Neither one thing nor the other, monsieur,' he answered; 'I meant only that we could not tell what use he might make of riches.'

'And who is he?' I inquired.

'The Count de St. Alyre.'

'Oh! The Count! You are quite sure?' I asked, very eagerly.

It was now the innkeeper's turn to look at me.

'Quite sure, monsieur, the Count de St. Alyre.'

'Do you see much of him in this part of the world?'

'Not a great deal, monsieur; he is often absent for a considerable time.'

'And is he poor?' I inquired.

'I pay rent to him for this house. It is not much; but I find he cannot wait long for it,' he replied, smiling satirically.

'From what I have heard, however, I should think he cannot be very poor?' I continued.

'They say, monsieur, he plays. I know not. He certainly is not rich. About seven months ago, a relation of his died in a distant place. His body was sent to the Count's house here, and by him buried in Père la Chaise, as the poor gentleman had desired. The Count was in profound affliction; although he got a handsome legacy, they say, by that death. But money never seems to do him good for any time.'

'He is old, I believe?'

'Old? we call him the "Wandering Jew," except, indeed, that he has not always the five *sous* in his pocket. Yet, monsieur, his courage does not fail him. He has taken a young and handsome wife.'

'And, she?' I urged—

'Is the Countess de St. Alyre.'

'Yes; but I fancy we may say something more? She has attributes?'

'Three, monsieur, three, at least, most amiable.'

'Ah! And what are they?'

'Youth, beauty, and—diamonds.'

I laughed. The sly old gentleman was foiling my curiosity.

'I see, my friend,' said I, 'you are reluctant—'

'To quarrel with the Count,' he concluded.

'True. You see, monsieur, he could vex me, in two or three

ways; so could I him. But, on the whole, it is better each to mind his business, and to maintain peaceful relations; you understand.'

It was, therefore, no use trying, at least for the present. Perhaps, he had nothing to relate. Should I think differently, by-and-by, I could try the effect of a few napoleons. Possibly he meant to extract them.

The host of the Dragon Volant was an elderly man, thin, bronzed, intelligent, and with an air of decision, perfectly military. I learned afterwards that he had served under Napoleon in his early Italian campaigns.

'One question, I think you may answer,' I said, 'without risking a quarrel. Is the Count at home?'

'He has many homes, I conjecture,' said the host, evasively. 'But—but I think I may say, monsieur, that he is, I believe, at present staying at the Chateau de la Carque.'

I looked out of the window, more interested than ever, across the undulating grounds to the chateau, with its gloomy background of foliage.

'I saw him to-day in his carriage, at Versailles,' I said.

'Very natural.'

'Then his carriage and horses and servants are at the château?'

'The carriage he puts up here, monsieur, and the servants are hired, for the occasion. There is but one who sleeps at the château. Such a life must be terrifying for Madame the Countess,' he replied.

'The old screw!' I thought. 'By this torture, he hopes to extract her diamonds. What a life! What fiends to contend with—jealousy and extortion!'

The knight having made this speech to himself, cast his eyes once more upon the enchanter's castle, and heaved a gentle sigh—

a sigh of longing, of resolution, and of love.

What a fool I was! and yet, in the sight of angels, are we any wiser as we grow older? It seems to me, only, that our illusions change as we go on; but, still, we are madmen all the same.

'Well, St. Clair,' said I, as my servant entered, and began to arrange my things. 'You have got a bed?'

'In the cock-loft, monsieur, among the spiders, and, *par ma foi*! the cats and the owls. But we agree very well. *Vive la bagatelle!*'

'I had no idea it was so full.'

'Chiefly the servants, monsieur, of those persons who were fortunate enough to get apartments at Versailles.'

'And what do you think of the Dragon Volant?'

'The Dragon Volant! monsieur; the old fiery dragon! The devil himself, if all is true! On the faith of a Christian, monsieur, they say that diabolical miracles have taken place in this house.'

'What do you mean? *Revenants?*'

'Not at all, sir; I wish it was no worse. *Revenants?* No! People who have never returned—who vanished, before the eyes of half-a-dozen men, all looking at them.'

'What do you mean, St. Clair? Let us hear the story, or miracle, or whatever it is.'

'It is only this, monsieur, that an ex-master-of-the-horse of the late king, who lost his head—monsieur will have the goodness to recollect, in the revolution—being permitted by the Emperor to return to France, lived here in this hotel, for a month, and at the end of that time vanished, visibly, as I told you, before the faces of half-a-dozen credible witnesses! The other was a Russian noble-

man, six feet high and upwards, who, standing in the centre of the room, downstairs, describing to seven gentlemen of unquestionable veracity, the last moments of Peter the Great, and having a glass of *eau de vie* in his left hand, and his *tasse de café*, nearly finished, in his right, in like manner vanished. His boots were found on the floor where he had been standing; and the gentleman at his right, found, to his astonishment, his cup of coffee in his fingers, and the gentleman at his left, his glass of *eau de vie*—'

'Which he swallowed in his confusion,' I suggested.

'Which was preserved for three years among the curious articles of this house, and was broken by the *curé* while conversing with Mademoiselle Fidone in the house-keeper's room; but of the Russian nobleman himself, nothing more was ever seen or heard! *Parbleu!* when we go out of the Dragon Volant, I hope it may be by the door. I heard all this, monsieur, from the postillion who drove us.'

'Then it *must* be true!' said I, jocularly: but I was beginning to feel the gloom of the view, and of the chamber in which I stood; there had stolen over me, I know not how, a presentiment of evil; and my joke was with an effort, and my spirit flagged.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAGICIAN.

No more brilliant spectacle than this masked ball could be imagined. Among other *salons* and galleries, thrown open, was the enormous perspective of the '*Grande Galerie des Glacés*,' lighted up on that occasion with no less than four thousand wax candles, reflected and repeated by all the

mirrors, so that the effect was almost dazzling. The grand suite of *salons* was thronged with masques, in every conceivable costume. There was not a single room deserted. Every place was animated with music, voices, brilliant colours, flashing jewels, the hilarity of extemporized comedy, and all the spirited incidents of a cleverly sustained masquerade. I had never seen before anything, in the least, comparable to this magnificent *fête*. I moved along, indolently, in my domino and mask, loitering, now and then, to enjoy a clever dialogue, a farcical song, or an amusing monologue, but, at the same time, keeping my eyes about me, lest my friend in the black domino, with the little white cross on his breast, should pass me by.

I had delayed and looked about me, specially, at every door I passed, as the Marquis and I had agreed; but he had not yet appeared.

While I was thus employed, in the very luxury of lazy amusement, I saw a gilded sedan chair, or, rather, a Chinese palanquin, exhibiting the fantastic exuberance of 'Celestial' decoration, borne forward on gilded poles by four richly-dressed Chinese; one with a wand in his hand marched in front, and another behind; and a slight and solemn man, with a long black beard, a tall fez, such as a dervish is represented as wearing, walked close to its side. A strangely-embroidered robe fell over his shoulders, covered with hieroglyphic symbols; the embroidery was in black and gold, upon a variegated ground of brilliant colours. The robe was bound about his waist with a broad belt of gold, with cabalistic devices traced on it, in dark red and black; red stockings, and shoes

embroidered with gold, and pointed and curved upward at the toes, in Oriental fashion, appeared below the skirt of the robe. The man's face was dark, fixed, and solemn, and his eyebrows black, and enormously heavy—he carried a singular-looking book under his arm, a wand of polished black wood in his other hand, and walked with his chin sunk on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor. The man in front waved his wand right and left to clear the way for the advancing palanquin, the curtains of which were closed; and there was something so singular, strange, and solemn about the whole thing, that I felt at once interested.

I was very well pleased when I saw the bearers set down their burthen within a few yards of the spot on which I stood.

The bearers and the men with the gilded wands forthwith clapped their hands, and in silence danced round the palanquin a curious and half frantic dance, which was yet, as to figure and postures, perfectly methodical. This was soon accompanied by a clapping of hands and a ha-ha-ing, rhythmically delivered.

While the dance was going on a hand was lightly laid on my arm, and, looking round, a black domino with a white cross stood beside me.

'I am so glad I have found you,' said the Marquis; 'and at this moment. This is the best group in the rooms. You must speak to the wizard. About an hour ago I lighted upon them, in another *salon*, and consulted the oracle, by putting questions. I never was more amazed. Although his answers were a little disguised it was soon perfectly plain that he knew every detail about the business, which no one on earth had heard of but myself,



Drawn by J. A. Peaslee.]

THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT

The Page 44

mirrors, so that the effect was almost dazzling. The grand suite of salons was thronged with masques in every conceivable costume. There was not a single room deserted. Every place was animated with voices, brilliant colours, sparkling jewels, the hilarity of unrestrained comedy, and at the slightest incidents of a comedy, retained masquerade. I had never seen before anything, at the least, comparable to the magnificent *fête*. I moved along, indolently, in my domino and mask, loitering, now and then, to enjoy a clever dialogue, a farcical song, or an amusing monologue, but, at the same time, keeping my eyes about me, lest my friend in the black domino, with the little white cross on his breast, should pass me by.

I had delayed and looked about me, especially, at every door I passed, as the Marquis and I had agreed; but he had not yet appeared.

While I was thus employed in the very heart of the assembly, I saw a gilded sedan chair, or, rather, a Chinese palanquin, exhibiting the fantastic exuberance of 'Celestial' decoration, borne forward on gilded poles by four richly-dressed Chinese; one with a wand in his hand marched in front, and another behind; and a stout and solemn man, with a long black beard, a tall forehead, and a dervish is represented as walking, walked close to its side. A strangely-embroidered robe fell over his shoulders, covered with hieroglyphic symbols; the embroidery was in black and gold, upon a variegated ground of brilliant colours. The robe was bound about his waist with a broad belt of gold, with cabalistic devices traced on it, in dark red and black; red stockings, and shoes

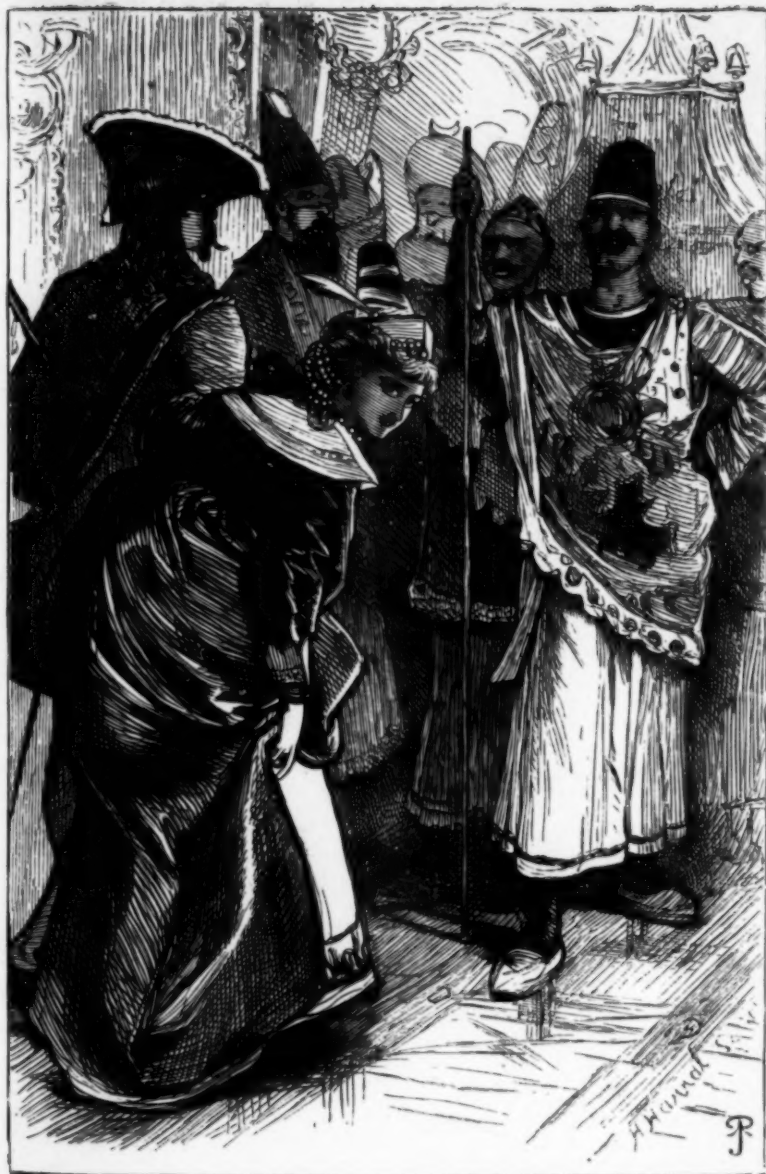
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I was very well pleased when I saw the bearers set down their burthen within a few yards of the spot on which I stood.

The bearers and the men with the gilded wands both with clapped their hands and to whom I heard some faint words, which was so, as to figure and postures, perfectly methodical. This was soon accompanied by a clapping of hands and a ha-ha-ing, rhythmically delivered.

While the dance was going on a hand was lightly laid on my arm, and, looking round, a black domino with a white cross stood beside me.

'I am so glad I have found you,' said the Marquis, and at this moment. This is the best group in the room. You must speak to the wizard. About an hour ago I lighted upon them, in another saloon, and consulted the oracle, by putting questions. I never was more amazed. Although his answers were a little disguised it was soon perfectly plain that he knew every detail about the business, which no one on earth had heard of but myself,



Drawn by J. A. Pasquier.]

THE ROOM IN THE DRAGON VOLANT.

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and two or three other men, about the most cautious persons in France. I shall never forget that shock. I saw other people who consulted him, evidently as much surprised, and more frightened than I. I came with the Count St. Alyre and the Countess.'

He nodded toward a thin figure, also in a domino. It was the Count.

'Come,' he said to me, 'I'll introduce you.'

I followed, you may suppose, readily enough.

The Marquis presented me, with a very prettily-turned allusion to my fortunate intervention in his favour at the Belle Etoile; and the Count overwhelmed me with polite speeches, and ended by saying, what pleased me better still—

'The Countess is near us, in the next *salon* but one, chatting with her old friend the Duchesse d'Argensaque; I shall go for her in a few minutes; and when I bring her here, she shall make your acquaintance; and thank you, also, for your assistance, rendered, with so much courage, when we were so very disagreeably interrupted.

'You must, positively, speak with the magician,' said the Marquis to the Count de St. Alyre, 'you will be so much amused. I did so; and, I assure you, I could not have anticipated such answers! I don't know what to believe.'

'Really! Then, by all means, let us try,' he replied.

We three approached, together, the side of the palanquin, at which the black-bearded magician stood.

A young man, in a Spanish dress, who, with a friend at his side, had just conferred with the conjuror, was saying, as he passed us by—

'Ingenious mystification! Who

is that in the palanquin. He seems to know everybody!'

The Count, in his mask and domino, moved along, stiffly, with us, toward the palanquin. A clear circle was maintained by the Chinese attendants, and the spectators crowded round in a ring.

One of these men—he who with a gilded wand had preceded the procession—advanced, extending his empty hand, palm upward.

'Money?' inquired the Count.

'Gold,' replied the usher.

The Count placed a piece of money in his hand; and I and the Marquis were each called on in turn to do likewise as we entered the circle. We paid accordingly.

The conjuror stood beside the palanquin, its silk curtain in his hand; his chin sunk, with its long, jet-black beard, on his chest; the outer hand grasping the black wand, on which he leaned; his eyes were lowered, as before, to the ground; his face looked absolutely lifeless. Indeed, I never saw face or figure so motionless, except in death.

The first question the Count put, was—

'Am I married, or unmarried?'

The conjuror drew back the curtain quickly, and placed his ear toward a richly-dressed Chinese, who sat in the litter; withdrew his head, and closed the curtain again; and then answered—

'Yes.'

The same preliminary was observed each time, so that the man with the black wand presented himself, not as a prophet, but as a medium; and answered, as it seemed, in the words of a greater than himself.

Two or three questions followed, the answers to which seemed to amuse the Marquis very much; but the point of which I could not see, for I knew next to

nothing of the Count's peculiarities and adventures.

'Does my wife love me?' asked he, playfully.

'As well as you deserve.'

'Whom do I love best in the world?'

'Self.'

'Oh! That I fancy is pretty much the case with every one. But, putting myself out of the question, do I love anything on earth better than my wife?'

'Her diamonds.'

'Oh!' said the Count.

The Marquis, I could see, laughed.

'Is it true,' said the Count, changing the conversation peremptorily, 'that there has been a battle in Naples?'

'No; in France.'

'Indeed,' said the Count, satirically, with a glance round. 'And may I inquire between what powers, and on what particular quarrel?'

'Between the Count and Countess de St. Alyre, and about a document they subscribed on the 25th July, 1811.'

The Marquis afterwards told me that this was the date of their marriage settlement.

The Count stood stock-still for a minute or so; and one could fancy that they saw his face flushing through his mask.

Nobody, but we two, knew that the inquirer was the Count de St. Alyre.

I thought he was puzzled to find a subject for his next question; and, perhaps, repented having entangled himself in such a colloquy. If so, he was relieved; for the Marquis, touching his arm, whispered—

'Look to your right, and see who is coming.'

I looked in the direction indicated by the Marquis, and I saw a gaunt figure stalking toward us. It was not a masque. The face was broad, scarred, and white. In a word, it was the ugly face of Colonel Gaillarde, who, in the costume of a corporal of the Imperial Guard, with his left arm so adjusted as to look like a stump, leaving the lower part of the coat-sleeve empty, and pinned up to the breast. There were strips of very real sticking-plaster across his eyebrow and temple, where my stick had left its mark, to score, hereafter, among the more honourable scars of war.

(To be continued.)



LA BELLE TURQUE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS CÉCILE.

OF all the wandering claimants to royalty, scions of kings 'retired from business,' *soi-disant* regal pretenders, false or real—whether like Perkin Warbeck, or the six Demetriuses of Russia, some more recent pseudo-heirs of the house of Stuart who figured in Austria after the 'Quarterly' drove them out of Scotland, 'the Duke of Normandy' in London, and so forth, who have appeared from time to time, none have had so marvellous a story to tell as the Princess Cécile, 'La belle Turque,' as she was named, who, announcing herself, in two volumes octavo, to be a daughter of the deposed sultan Achmet III., took the heedless world of Paris by surprise, about a hundred years ago, and whose narrative has frequently been classed with romances, though it came forth as a veritable history, and with a title more clearly avowed than that of 'Ascanius, or the Adventurer in Scotland.'

The editor, who guaranteed its truth, was a man of veracity and credit in his day; and he urged upon the public, that however extraordinary and romantic her adventures might appear, they were, nevertheless, strictly fact; and in a letter addressed to the editors of the 'Journal de Paris,' in 1787, he added, that in that year, the lady was still alive in the French capital, 'and, notwithstanding her advanced age, in the enjoyment of good health.'

It is singular that her narrative, whether false or true, as given by herself and 'M. Buisson, Littéraire, Hôtel de Mesgrigny, Rue des Poitevins,'—as it would furnish ample materials for the largest

three-volume novel—escaped the eyes of Alexandre Dumas, or Viscount d'Arlincourt, as it is full of adventures of the most stirring kind, and, told briefly, runs thus:

The introductory part of her story, in which the names of persons of rank are concealed, contains, necessarily, the adventures of her governess, or nurse, by whom she was first abducted from her home, and brought to France.

It would appear that about the year 1700, a Mademoiselle Emilia (*sic*), daughter of a surgeon in the French seaport town of Gênes, was, with her lover, a young Genoese, named Salmoni, in a pleasure-boat upon the Mediterranean, a little way from the coast, when, notwithstanding 'la terreur du nom de Louis XIVth,' they were pounced upon by some Turkish corsairs—a common enough event in those days, and one not unfrequent, even after Lord Exmouth demolished Algiers.

This occurred in the dusk; and the voice of Salmoni, who had been singing, is supposed to have first attracted them. Being armed, the Italian defended his love and his life with courage, but fell severely wounded, and was left for dead in the bottom of his boat, which floated away, the sport of the waves, while Emilia was carried off, and, in consequence of her great beauty, was ultimately sold, at Constantinople, under the name of Fatima, for the service and amusement of Achmet III., who, in consequence of her accomplishments, made her a species of governess to his children, instead of retaining her among the odalisques in the seraglio. This must

have been subsequent to 1703, when Achmet began his troublesome reign.

She was in this situation of trust, when Salmoni, who had never forgotten her, after a long and unsuccessful search through many seaport towns in the Levant—a veritable pilgrim of love—accidentally discovered, by a casual conversation with a Turkish seaman, where she was, and how occupied; for this man had been one of the corsair's crew.

Disguised as a Turk, and giving out that 'he was the father of Fatima, the trusted slave,' Salmoni found means to communicate with her through an *itchcoglan*, one of the slaves or pages attached to the seraglio, and they were thus enabled to see each other and converse, their hasty meetings being but stolen moments of tenderness and joy.

Emilia was now in attendance upon a little daughter of Achmet III., born in 1710, and then six months' old. Her mother was the Sultana Aski, formerly a Georgian slave, and then one of the kadines or wives of the Sultan, ladies whose number rarely exceeds seven. Emilia was high in favour with both Achmet and this sultana, as she had been particularly serviceable to the latter at the birth of the child, through some little skill she had acquired from her father, the surgeon; thus the confidence they reposed in her, and the authority she possessed over all the people in and about the seraglio, facilitated the execution of those plans for an escape, suggested and urged by Salmoni.

With a view to this end, she desired the *bastonghi*, or head-gardener, to make a see-saw, which was in the gardens, so high that she—and her pupils, probably—might see the whole city from the

lofty wall that girds this place, where still the trees planted are always green, that the inhabitants of Galata and other places may not see the ladies at their lonely promenades. Aided by this see-saw, she dropped over the wall a billet to Salmoni, desiring him to procure a ladder, 'a steel-yard' to fix it to the masonry, to make arrangements with a ship captain, and, when all was prepared, to wait her beneath the wall of that terrible Serai Bournous, which no slave-woman had ever yet left alive.

Salmoni promptly obeyed her instructions; he discovered a ship for the Levant, and, by a note tossed over the wall, informed her of the night, and the very hour of their departure.

She was in the act of reading this note—probably not for the first time—when the Sultan Achmet suddenly entered her apartment; and she had barely time to toss it, unseen, into a porphyry vase; for this billet, if discovered, might have consigned her to the bowstring of the *capidgi-bashi*, or the sack of the black *channator-aga*, and its concealment forms an important feature in the story of the fugitives.

The hour—almost the moment—for flight had arrived, and Salmoni, she knew, awaited her below the garden wall; yet, amid all the terror and anxiety of the time, so strong was Emilia's love for the little baby-girl of whom she had the chief care, that she resolved to convey the child away with her, and hoped eventually to rear it as a Christian. Collecting all her jewels, and those which Achmet had already lavished on the infant, she took with them the silken *seffa*, or record of its birth; and, to be brief, escaped unseen by means of the steel-yard and ladder.

As she descended, the latter was

held for her by a person in a grey cloak, whom she believed to be Salmoni, and into whose arms she was, consequently, about to throw herself, when another man started forward, and plunged a sword into his breast. He fled, and a cry escaped Emilia, who fell to the ground; but at that moment the captain of the vessel, by which Salmoni had arranged they should escape, rushed up, and, tearing off the muffings of the fallen man, merely exclaimed, 'It is not he!' and bore her off to the seashore.

An alarm had been given. There was no time to wait for the absent Salmoni; she was placed at once on board the vessel, which immediately sailed and made all speed to leave the Golden Horn behind. She proved to be a small craft belonging to Bayonne, commanded by a young captain from Dieppe; who ultimately landed Emilia and her charge at Gènes, where her first care was to have the little *Turque* baptized according to the rites of the Catholic church.

This, it is recorded, was done by the *curé* of St. Eulalie de Gènes, who named her Marie Cécile; and, in honour of an event so remarkable, a salute was fired by the cannon of the château and those of the ramparts of the fort; and three *religieuses*, named respectively, La Mère St. Agnes, La Mère St. Modesté, and La Mère de l'Humilité, are mentioned as having taken a deep interest in the escaped fugitive and her charge, who was kept in ignorance of her origin till her fifteenth year.

We know not how many daughters Achmet III. is said to have had; but in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, dated from Adrianople, she writes of his eldest being betrothed in marriage to Behram Bassa, then the reigning court favourite, and translates a

copy of verses he had addressed to her.

Cécile was now taken to several European courts, 'at which'—according to the narrative—'she was received with all the honours due to her illustrious rank.' In Russia, she was presented to the Czar, Peter I. (who died in that year); but in England, she would seem to have contented herself with a short residence at a coffee-house (*café*), in Covent Garden! Among other sovereigns, she was presented to Pope Clement XI., at Rome, where her beauty, which she inherited from her Georgian mother, especially the profusion of her exquisite hair, began to surround her with snares and perils.

In Rome, her guardian, Emilia, had the joy of once more meeting Salmoni! The man who had been stabbed beneath the seraglio wall, had not been he, but the Turkish corsair, through whom he had first traced her there, and who had hoped to make profit out of the intended escape by treacherously revealing it to the sultan; and for this purpose he had plotted with a female slave attached to the palace. This woman, through whose hands the important billet passed, had artfully erased the hour of twelve, fixed by Salmoni, and substituted *eleven*. Hence, though the sailor had full time to make the attempt, he failed in the execution of his purpose; so now, after all their perils, Salmoni and Emilia were married in the Eternal City, where the love affairs of 'La belle Turque' speedily began to attract notice.

First, we are told, that a duke fell in love with her; but she made him her friend, assuring him that he could never be more to her, as she had already become inspired by a passion for a handsome young Knight of Malta, who hoped soon to be absolved from his

vow of celibacy. While waiting for this, the knight's father, old Prince —, as mischance would have it, became enamoured of her, reckless that he was rival of his son; and, to avoid his importunities, she and the Salmonis set out suddenly for Paris, where, by the knavery of a banker, she lost much of the proceeds of the jewels brought from Constantinople; so that her fortune was reduced from sixty thousand livres yearly, to about ten thousand.

In a coffee-house at Paris, Cécile chanced to see in the 'Gazette de France,' an account of the misfortunes that had overtaken her father, Achmet III. This was in 1730, when that weak and imbecile voluptuary, who had viewed with indifference the Hungarian troubles and the wars of the north, after being involved in a contest with Russia, by which he lost in succession the cities of Asoph, and Belgrade, and the provinces of Temesvar, Servia, and Wallachia, on the discomfiture of his arms by Persia, had an insurrection among his own subjects, and was compelled by the Janissaries to abdicate in favour of his nephew, Mustapha III., who threw him into a prison, where he passed a life of mortification and shame, 'after he had,' as Voltaire has it, 'sacrificed his vizier and his principal officers, in vain, to the resentment of the nation.'

On reading of all these things, Cécile registered a vow that she would visit Turkey, seek out her father, and endeavour to console him in his misfortunes; and the death of her guardian, Emilia, about this time, together with the annoyance she experienced from the old prince, who, presuming on her friendless, dubious, and false position, daily 'became more urgent and less respectful,' hastened her departure.

Alone she set out for Fontainebleau to solicit a passport as a French subject, and to return thanks for the protection afforded her by the court of Louis XIV.; but in returning to Paris, her carriage was stopped at night in the forest, which then covered thirty thousand acres of hill and valley, and there ensued an episode, which, by its *coincidences*, seems too evidently romance, though truth at times is stranger than fiction.

A handsomely-attired chevalier—who proved to be the Prince—requested her to alight and enter a *voiture*, which stood there with six horses, pleading that she would do so, 'without compelling him to use violence.'

On this, she uttered a cry for help; and ere long another *voiture* dashed up, and there leaped out a gentleman sword in hand. He proved to be young Duke de —, her Roman admirer, and he had barely time to recognise Cécile, when her betrothed, the Knight of Malta, also appeared on the scene, which thus becomes so melo-dramatic as to throw ridicule on the story.

'The Duke is about to deprive you of your mistress,' said the cunning old Prince to his son; 'let us jointly use our swords against him in defence of your dearest interests.'

So thereupon the cavalier of Malta ran the poor Duke through the body in the most approved fashion; bore off the fainting Cécile to Paris, and placed her in the hotel of his father. There she renewed, but secret, addresses of the latter so greatly alarmed her, that on one occasion she had to protect herself by an exhibition of pistols, after which, she escaped with Salmoni and the Knight, who urged that she should, in fulfilment of her vow, visit her captive

father, while he once more strove, at the feet of Pope Clement's successor, to get his oath of celibacy absolved.

In Turkey, some unruly Janissaries slew Salmoni, and were about to offer some violence to Cécile, despite her French passport, when she displayed before them the *fetfa*! This, we are told, was a piece of yellow silk on which were embroidered, in golden letters, the names of the Sultan, of her mother Aski, and herself, with the day and hour of her birth, together with certain passages from the Koran: 'The children of the Sultans are bound with the *fetfa* immediately after birth; and this document is deemed a sacred proof of their royal descent; and at the sight of it, every Mohammedan must bow himself to the ground, and defend with his life the wearer of it.'

By this time her cousin Mustapha III. was dead, and his successor, her kinsman, Mohammed V., on hearing of her story, and, more than all, of her beauty, conceived a passion for her, and sent his chief friend and confidant, the Beglerbeg of Natolia, to inform her of the honour that awaited her. Being informed that it was the fame of her wonderful hair that had first excited the curiosity and admiration of the Sultan, she cut it entirely off, and, tossing it to the messenger—

'Go,' said she, 'and give your master this—the object of his love—and tell him, that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but Heaven and her own heart!'

Had chignons been then in fashion, much trouble might have been saved the fair Cécile; who, finding that a hasty departure

from Turkey alone could save her, demanded, but in vain, a passport from the Bashaw of Smyrna or Izmir. Urged by her father Achmet, she quitted secretly by sea, and was landed by a French frigate at Toulon, where she learned from the lieutenant of a Maltese galley that her lover had perished in a duel.

Her journey to Turkey had greatly impoverished her, and now she found herself in France almost without a friend, with only five hundred ducats and a diamond, the gift of her father Achmet III. Choosing to conceal her fallen fortune from every eye, she selected a humble dwelling in an obscure part of the city, where, long years after, her editor first discovered her, and where, at a distance from royal thrones, from human wealth and grandeur, she had sought to pass the evening of her days in peace and obscurity. 'God has blessed my fortitude,' she concludes. 'Born in 1710, I have lived to see the 1st of January, 1786, and must now serenely and tranquilly await that peace by which death must make amends for all the surprising and afflicting changes of fortune which I have experienced in my passage through life.'

Cécile—if ever she existed at all—must have been then in her 76th year. Her narrative is certainly mentioned in the 'Journal de Paris;' but in the tide of events that so rapidly followed the year, in which the financial troubles of France began, the meeting of the States-General, and the crash of the first Revolution following, we hear no more of 'La belle Turque,' the *soi-disant* daughter of the de-throned Achmet III.

'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."



YOUNG Colin sat down one bright summer's morn
To write to each mistress a lay:
A breeze sprung up, and the sonnets were borne
In different directions away.
How Colin did rage; but what could he do?
They wouldn't come back for his tears,
So his pencil in wrath in the river he threw,
And strode off to brood on his fears.



Now Phoebe was walking the garden so fair,
Singing ditties of love and romance,
When an envious breath of mischievous air
At her feet made a paper to dance.
She picked it up, read it, and dropped it again,
'Twas the sonnet to Lesbia she read;
She stamped and she wept in her anger and pain,
And bit her fair lips till they bled.



Fair Lesbia sat at her cottage door,
Of Colin, her lover, she thought ;
A wicked young breeze in a whirlwind bore
A paper, which Lesbia caught.
'Twas the sonnet which Colin to Phoebe addressed—
She scarce could believe her own eyes ;
She shed a few tears, but her anger suppressed—
Resentment was lost in surprise.



From Phoebe young Colin a lecture received ;
He listened, meek, silent, and sad :
'O, Colin,' said she, 'I'd have never believed
This of you—O it's really too bad !'
Fair Lesbia gave him one eloquent look,
Which pierced to his heart's very core.
It cured him—an oath he then solemnly took,
That he'd never write lays any more.

LEADERS OF THE BAR.

HAVING said something lately about 'Our Judges,' we now turn to the leaders of the Bar. From the Bench to the Bar is a natural and easy transition. Every Englishman may be proud of the Bar, proud of as able, learned, and high-minded a forum as ever existed in any country, at any time. Of late years so rapid has been the rise to judicial promotions that the number of leading men was considerably thinned, and it was thought that while our Bench was strong our Bar was weak. But the ranks are being filled up, men are settling down into their places, new men are coming to the front, and in the obscure regions of the back benches, among men of the Briefless and Dunup order, there may be lurking the great orators and jurists of the future. Of course it is very difficult to say all that ought to be said, and which one would like to say, about the bar. Only a barrister of immense experience could speak exhaustively of the inner life of the bar, and if he did so he would probably be disbarred for his pains. Yet it would be very desirable if some master hand would fully sketch out the spirit and traditions of the English bar, as it is at present, especially in the face of looming changes. Both will be entirely altered if the suggested fusion of solicitors and barristers ever really takes place. Some decisive alterations are already made. The lawyers of the future will not be like the barristers of the present day. A change of a very unpleasant description will pass over the spirit of their dream. Henceforth they will have to face examinations; and although Mr. Albert Dicey, in our contemporary 'Macmillan,' pleads that

the examination shall be very slight, yet in all probability they will be very stiff. Sir Roundell Palmer's plan of a Legal University, perhaps with the less ambitious title of Legal Faculty, will probably revolutionise all the ways of legal education. Up to the present time the eating, or the supposition of the eating, of a certain number of dinners, and the payment of a hundred or two of pounds, have been sufficient to make a barrister; and the British suitor has had no other guarantee that his counsel has been really learned in the law. The Legal Education Association has made astonishing progress during the brief term of its existence, and it is not improbable that the Joint Committee of the Inns of Court will ultimately follow its lead in a scheme of organised legal education. The English Bar has produced great advocates and great gentlemen, and, as in the kindred Army question, it is a question whether examination might not kill our great natural qualities. In a severe law examination Erskine might have been plucked, and Edwin James never have had an opportunity of pursuing a sinister career.

A survey of the bar would, as a matter of course, commence with the two great law officers of the crown. But there is one name that stands far pre-eminent above those gentlemen, one who by all suffrages would be accounted the real leader of the English bar. We need hardly say that we allude to Roundell Palmer, the *decus et tutamen* of the British forum. If he had so wished, Sir Roundell might have been Lord Chancellor at the present time, though he would not

have been so pliant and subservient an instrument of the Premier's. It is hardly too much to say that Sir Roundell is in nearly every case where immense interests are concerned demanding immense learning, skill, and judgment. He is the chief of those by whom the real law business of the country is effectively done. To bring Sir Roundell into court is a great matter, and proportionately expensive. Then Sir Roundell is the only lawyer in the House who, in any large sense of the word, can be called a statesman. His profound, keen, logical speeches contrast violently with one man's fluent verbiage and another's sugary rhetoric. Not only on the political side but on the personal, the ethical side, does Sir Roundell's great reputation transcend his merely legal character. Every man is a debtor to his profession, and he is doing all the good he can for his profession by his wise, wide schemes of legal education. We are afraid that it is well known as a fact that the real reason why so little is done for the consolidation of our statutes is, that legal studies have branched out into so many different specialities that a wide philosophical grasp of the whole necessary for such consolidation is hardly to be found, and is perhaps hardly attainable. The one man who beyond any other might have the glorious motto attached to his name, *Reformatio Angliæ legum*, is doubtless Roundell Palmer. The kind of destiny which we like to foreshadow for him is that of Chancellor or ex-Chancellor, sitting lightly to merely political duties, and concentrating his energies on the systematising of our cumbrous and complex legal system. His fame as a lawyer cannot stand higher, but it may yet be lost in his fame as a legislator and statesman.

A little while ago and the first place in our discussion would have been due to Sir R. P. Collier. According to our facetious contemporary he has made a wonderful summersault through a mere paper act of parliament, and has alighted on a distant well-cushioned seat. It is to the credit of Sir Robert that his reputation stood still higher among the profession than the public, and it is to be regretted that a merited promotion should have been attended with such gall-ing circumstances. The minister no doubt thought it advisable to make a move of his legal knights, or rather his pawns, on the chess-board, and a man may be pitchforked into other places besides the House of Lords. The appointment has altogether proved a livelier scandal than any we recollect, and peculiarly irritating to Westminster Hall. The words of the Chief Justice, in his letter to Mr. Gladstone, were very severe, and similar to those with which he has admonished many a hardened criminal. If one chief justice sent a Prince of Wales to prison another may be excused for reprimanding a premier. Sir Alexander Cockburn has succeeded in affixing an historical stigma to the transaction.

Sir John D. Coleridge, the Attorney-General, is, in several points of view, what ladies would call a very 'interesting' man. Sir John can be all suavity and politeness, and, in fact, cultivates a specialty for soft nothings; but he wears steel beneath the velvet glove. His first speech in the House of Commons, in which he looked the picture of legal innocence, though often surpassed by others, has never been surpassed by himself. If he gives thrusts they are sometimes parried, and sometimes he gets awkward thrusts which he cannot avoid. Lord Westbury, in

his peculiar and level voice, once told him in the Privy Council how much better it would be to express his meaning 'succinctly,' so that it might be understood by the judges, and 'without that verbiage with which he was blessed.' In the Eltham murder case the Chief Justice, in a phrase sharper than we often see applied by a judge to a barrister, told him that he was 'irregular and improper.' In the Tichborne case a connoisseur in cross-examination would probably prefer Mr. Hawkins's cross-examination of Mr. Baigent to Sir John's cross-examination of the plaintiff. Mr. Hawkins's 'just like Roger' had a ring about it dissimilar to the catch expression 'Would it surprise you to hear.' Sir John's power rather lies in a set speech, into which he imports much more literary finish than is ordinarily the case in forensic harangues. He is the great nephew of the poet Coleridge, a circumstance which he doubtless considers by no means the least of his distinctions.

* His rise has been remarkable and rapid. He now leads men who were considered leaders when he first donned stuff. It is one of those cases where, by the happy help of politics, a man strides to the front over the heads of all non-parliamentary competitors. The gradual rise of the Coleridge family has been as remarkable as that of the Attorney. The original seat of the Coleridge family was, we believe, Morchard, a little village of clustering houses lying high, almost on a hill top, in North Devon. There a worthy Devonian plied his business as a village schoolmaster. We find the next as a country gentleman near Ottery; then we have the venerable judge, the friend of Arnold and Keble, and then, in the next generation, the legal Fortunatus. It is remark-

able how Devon, from the days of Fortescue, has always been the mother of great lawyers. It is not so long ago since Sir John Coleridge was struggling for the lead on the Western Circuit, and writing papers in the magazines, notably one in defence of his father against the strictures of Mr. Buckle. In his father's life of Keble there is a letter from young Sir John to old Sir John. The then young barrister was rather hard on the old poet, and seems to have afflicted him with his advanced liberal notions in theology and political history. There was a brother of Mr. Attorney's who took the opposite direction and went over to the Church of Rome, to whom the claimant made an ungracious allusion, who obtained an extraordinary reputation among those who knew him. In one of his addresses to a legal association Sir John spoke of the tendency of law to narrow the intellect and harden the heart. Let us hope that such a catastrophe may be averted from himself, and that he will not surrender his generous gifts altogether to place or party. Sir John certainly found what Mr. Morris might consider an 'earthly paradise' for himself during the long vacation. We spent a summer day in roving some ten miles along the Buckland woods and streams on the confines of Dartmoor. There are no more glorious scenes of moor, river, and forest in Devonshire or in England. We thought the great barrister happy in his enjoyment of that magnificent landscape and pure bracing breezes, and could not but regret that such magnificent solitudes should probably be consecrated to meditations on the Tichborne case.

The Solicitor-General, Sir George Jessel, is a great Equity lawyer who has almost monopolized the business of his court. He

has thoroughly realised the great barristerial truth, that in politics a lawyer must choose his side, and stick to it. We must do Sir George the compliment to say, that so thorough a lawyer is seldom found in so thorough a partizan. He is uncommonly well able to hold his own, and has a terse, trenchant way of his own as well. In his person we shall, probably for the first time, see a Jew on the bench, and, no doubt, making an admirable equity judge. He has his own views on legal education, and is opposed to Sir Roundell Palmer's. Sir Roundell Palmer was justly called by Mr. Jessel, the most eminent lawyer in the House, and the acknowledged head of the English bar. This, however, did not prevent Mr. Jessel from very trenchantly criticizing Sir Roundell's scheme, and energetically protesting against it, 'in the name of freedom of competition, freedom of teaching, freedom of learning, and of the free access of all classes to those professions which was the life and soul of them.' This is forcible enough. We must own, however, that our sympathies go almost entirely with Sir Roundell. Complaints of the defects of legal education are almost as old as legal history itself. Lord Coke has a famous complaint of '*præpropera praxis et præpostera lectio*.' This is quoted in Lord Kingsdown's privately-printed '*Memoirs*,' who says, that he had guarded himself against such dangers by long servitude in a barrister's chambers. Such service in chambers engrains the habits of the practice and study of the law, while 'examination' is a term that always suggests cram and subsequent forgetfulness. Pemberton Leigh, curiously enough, has more to say of the ignorance of judges than of counsel. Both

Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Jessel were chiefly afflicted with the ignorance of the junior bar, and spared the woolsack, towards which they, no doubt, turn the glance oblique or direct. The undoubted fact is, that the want of legal science is felt in every grade of the profession; and it would be a good thing if a scheme could be contrived, less, perhaps, than Sir Roundell Palmer's 'University,' but more than Sir George Jessel's 'Examinations.'

We have given the *pas* to the law officers of the Crown, but we are reminded of the Attorney and Solicitor-General of the late administration—that great common-law lawyer, Sir John B. Karslake, that great equity lawyer, Sir Richard Baggallay. There was a time when 'Handsome Jack' and 'Pious Jack' divided the best business of the Western Circuit. Sir John B. Karslake is one of the most popular and genial of gentlemen, a sound lawyer as well as a persuasive advocate. Both these learned gentlemen—Sir John B. Karslake, especially—probably enjoy their present immunity from parliamentary labours, procured by their disasters at elections; but probably all sides will think that a prolonged absence of Conservative lawyers from the House, is not at all for the House's benefit. In speaking of the mass of leading barristers, not conspicuously marked off by Crown distinctions, there is necessarily much difficulty. The leading names for the public may not be those for the profession. Newspaper readers like skilful and cunning cross-examination and thrilling appeals to the jury; but such are not the 'heavy' cases that concern large monetary interests, and have correspondingly heavy fees. The cases where there is an unimpassioned legal argu-

ment appealing to pure intelligence alone, where the court follows a chain of reasoning with deep interest, and perhaps recognises a width of view and learning, more than that of the average judicial mind, and where the case involves large corporate or national interests, are those which show the English bar at its best. We often find judges saying how much they have been assisted by the arguments of counsel. Indeed, cases are not uncommon where judges, having made parenthetical remarks, have been kindly set right in their law by counsel. A man's name may be familiar to the profession and yet almost unknown to the outer world. We have seen a judge leisurely take up a newspaper and read it during the fervid oration of some popular counsel, while he would listen with respect, and even with anxiety, to some counsel whose name has hardly an association for the readers of the 'Telegraph.' In this way the public sometimes find, with great surprise, that some counsel almost unknown by name has become a law officer, or has received some judicial appointment.

Such a trial as the Tichborne case gives an admirable opportunity of discussing rising or risen barristers. The leadership in the plaintiff's case, owing to the time required and its magnitude, was for some time uncertain. We believe that Sir John B. Karslake found himself unable to accept it. Brother Ballantine has devoted himself to his work with wonderful energy and enthusiasm. Few men have been more prominently before that portion of the public that delight in reading trials than the learned serjeant. We have no doubt but the first desire of a suitor's heart, in a heavy case, must be to ensure such energy and devotedness as that displayed

by the learned serjeant. His opening address was a great occasion, and he made a great display attended with much effect. The next man to him, Mr. Hardinge Giffard, is one who has taken a very high, and probably will take a still higher, position in the future. His political friends speak of him as the Coming Man. If the electors of Cardiff return him at the next election, Mr. Giffard will probably have a very successful career in the House of Commons. This is testifying to the possession of very remarkable qualities; for the ordinary gifts of the advocate are not those which make much impression on Parliament. The *senatorius decor* is a phrase that will suit Mr. Giffard. His style of oratory did not, indeed, suit the Cardiff roughs, who refused to give him a hearing; but it is persuasive with juries and with select assemblages. There are few men who are more skilful in conversation and cross-examination than Mr. Giffard. The leading counsel in the cause are fortunate in their modest, learned, and industrious juniors. It is towards the latter half of such a case that such men as Messrs. Pollard, Jenne, and Rose have their chance. It is for the real interests of the English bar that juniors should get their chance. At times it may be said that there is such an absolute plethora of business that juniors get this chance. Men never like to refuse business, and counsel are to be found who virtually pledge themselves to be in two or three different places at the same time. Then the junior gets a chance. The overworked barrister incurs frightful penalties, payable at a future day. Sir William Follett was a great sinner in this respect; and I am afraid that he expiated the error with his life. The elevation of a counsel in large

practice sets free a good deal of business for the juniors. There is a certain languor at the commencement of the legal year, in resuming the November sittings, but towards Christmas the pace gets terrific. Business men are overwhelmed, and men with no business have a chance of getting some. At such a time does some windfall of a brief alight on the despondent junior.

Thus much is parenthetic; and we will now glance at the very powerful bar on the side of the defendants. We have already discussed the Attorney-General. He said that the Saurin case was an exercise of poverty to him; and we are afraid that the leaders in the Tichborne case will have a similarly melancholy experience. As a lawyer explained to us, great causes are like great fishes, not good for eating; it is the small causes, like small fishes, that give sweet and delicate pickings. Mr. Hawkins, the second counsel, would have been admirably adapted for the lead in this great case. He is keen and vigilant as a hawk, with as much pleasantry and genuine humour as any man living. His humour has quite lighted up the long progress of the case; but a hostile witness would probably think that Mr. Hawkins can be terrible as well as funny. Law courts require a little humour; and it must be owned, that nowhere else does a small joke go such a long way. A witness having died, Sergeant Ballantine mentioned the fact that the crier was calling him below. 'Why do you say below?' quoth the Attorney-General; 'he is your witness.' And the tired court was content to receive this piece of profanity as a joke. Sir George Honyman is a counsel that carries an extraordinary weight. He has a wit as keen as Mr.

Hawkins, though with a more peculiar flavour, and has taken up his line to a large extent in mercantile law. The defendants are fortunate in possessing such a 'junior,' who, indeed, is passing out of the ranks of juniors, as Mr. C. C. Bowen. 'Bowen of Balliol' was esteemed a sort of Admirable Crichton in his time, sweeping the university of its prizes, and distinguished in various other walks of academic life. It must certainly be owned that the array of counsel in the Tichborne case is not unworthy of such a *cause célèbre*. There is one part of the Tichborne case of which the public know little: the examination, before a select audience, of the bodily marks whereby he claims recognition. It will, perhaps, lighten the course of our remarks if we insert an epigram, which shall be appropriately veiled in the Latin tongue:—

IN TICHBORNUM SE NUDO CORPORE
JUDICIBUS MONSTRANTEM.

'Gratia cum nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Teste gravi Flacco "ducere nuda choros."
Anne eadem, Tichborne, tibi fiducia formæ
Atque venustatis gloria tanta tum,
Nudum ut judicibus te non monstrare timeres
Membraque depositâ veste videnda dares?
Nec melius faceres quam teipsum exponere totum
Quando id quesitum est, alter an ipse fores;
Omnes nunc videant ipsissimus ipse fuisses;
Tegmin eget nullo vera tenaxque fides.
Quod si forte aliquis Coleriggo lora dedisset
Pro meritis dignè te lacerare jubens,
Non equidem dubito te tunc voluisse, quod aiant
Alterum et hand ipsum in pelle stetitisse tuâ.

There are many eminent counsel whose names might be discussed so far as their public position

renders them fit subjects for discussion. To take an equity court, such men as Mr. Glasse or Mr. Cotton occur; to take Lord Penzance's court, such men as Dr. Spinks and Mr. Staveley Hill are those which would more immediately occur. Then, the Ecclesiastical Court, both in the court below and in the Judicial Committee, would suggest various persons, and topics, very well worthy of consideration. Then, again, we could speak of gentlemen, 'under the bar,' who were not called, though they might be called at any time. In point of etiquette they would have to attend barristers at their chambers; but this, of course, would be absurd in the case of lawyers unrivalled in their sphere. The name of the Chittys, for instance, would command universal respect. Then, distinguished chamber counsel, who never open their lips in court, and whose names never appear in print, nevertheless command a wide reputation. Then the parliamentary bar might well require a chapter for itself. Or let us take a glance at the circuits. In the Home—'sweet Home'—we have such leading men as Sir George Honyman, the Hon. George Denman, of Greek and rowing fame, Mr. Brown, Horace Lloyd, and others. The 'Home' is more accessible, and the more distant assize towns can be dropped. Going circuit hardly pays, as a rule. 'I was lately told,' said a very good authority, 'that if the total receipts of a party of barristers on circuit were counterpoised against their total expenses, the surplus would be nothing.' Sir John Taylor Coleridge says exactly the same thing in his 'Recollections of Circuit.' 'It was not untruly considered that the whole body of circuiters spent in the several counties more than the whole body

received in them.' The Western Circuit has been so prolific in great lawyers, that it is, perhaps, hardly any disparagement to say that at the present moment it is hardly equal to its ancient reputation. Such men as Cole, Kingdon, Montague Bere, Murch, Bowen, not forgetting the familiar name and figure of Mr. Carter, with an abundance of latent talent, maintain the honour of the circuit. In the Oxford Circuit we have as leaders Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Staveley Hill, and Mr. J. E. Powell. There are few men, taken at their best, who are better worth hearing than Mr. Huddleston. In the Northern Circuit we have Quain, Hoskins, Kaye. In the Midland, Mr. Digby Seymour and Mr. Field are leaders.

In the Norfolk Circuit Mr. O'Malley leads, and there are rising men like Mr. Bulwer coming on. In the North Wales district we have Mr. McIntyre. Some of the more curious circuit experiences are to be met with on the Welsh circuits, owing to the necessary use of the Welsh language. Very characteristic stories are sometimes told of the liberties which counsel will take with judges. It has sometimes happened at the Welsh assizes that counsel have been permitted to address the jury in Welsh, when it has been perfectly evident that the said jury did not understand a word of English. 'We have heard,' says a periodical writer, 'that sometimes counsel have availed themselves of the opportunity to advise the jury in highly idiomatic language not to pay attention to anything that that foolish old man—meaning the judge—might say to them.' The South Wales Circuit has two leaders, very far ahead of their brethren, in Mr. Grove and Mr. Hardinge Giffard. We have never enjoyed

keener intellectual pleasure than in seeing these two men pitted against each other in a difficult case. Mr. Grove was great as a barrister, he will be greater as a judge—certainly a most merited promotion—but he will be greatest as a philosopher. A former President of the British Association, and the far-famed author of the 'Correlation of Physical Forces,' he had claims on the whole world of mind possessed in an equal degree by no other barrister. Our leading barristers, in going circuit, are generally included in the Queen's Commission, and gain their first experience in trying prisoners. Prisoners dislike being tried by a 'journeyman judge,' and affect doubt respecting the legality or the propriety of their sentences. As it is somewhat invidious commenting on living names, we will turn to another branch of our subject, and examine the recorded experiences of men who have been leading counsel. We have on hand some legal memoranda, from recent publications, that are full of interest.

The late Lord Justice Rolt, the year before his death, drew up a biographical sketch of his career. He feelingly illustrates the difficulties which many struggling men undergo in getting to the bar. 'To get called to the bar,' he says, 'has been the only real struggle I have ever made. Difficulties I have had in abundance, before and since; but to get to the bar was to me a struggle as great as others have found in gaining the highest honours.' The bitterness of the conflict was such that he questioned if it could ever be repaid by success. 'During my period of trial I well remember occasional bursts of agony in some such words as these: "No success in life can ever repay this." Nor will I now attempt to

solve the problem whether it has or not.' For four years the late Lord Justice was a linendraper's assistant in Oxford Street. The master of the shop threw in the way of his young men good books and periodicals; his culminating intellectual point was that he took vehemently to Shakespeare, and, like Shakespeare, acquired some 'little Latin, and less Greek.' All through life he kept up an intimacy with a worthy linendraper of Gloucester. When he was called to the bar, Samuel Warren, the novelist, was captain of the mess, and in opening the freshman's bottle of wine he gave the sentiment, 'I wish you well out of a bad profession.' He dated his success at the bar from drawing up an answer in a Liverpool case for a London firm. The eminent country solicitors were loud in their praises of the draught they had received; and as they were excellent judges, the London firm forthwith sent Rolt an immense amount of business. Within twelve months after his fees reached what he considered a fabulous amount of wealth. In a few years' time he was offered the post of Advocate-General in Bengal, which was about four thousand a year, and carried with it the lead of the Calcutta bar. He was able to decline this tempting offer, though still in stuff. For twenty years he took a leading part in the leading Chancery business of the country. In 1865 he was made Attorney-General, over the head of Sir William Bovill, the Solicitor-General, who entirely acquiesced in the arrangement. And he says that 'Bovill gives me every assistance in his power, and good-naturedly introduces me to the routine of duty.' He found the work tremendous; and unlucky aspirants for this great office may really be convinced

his wife: 'I cannot tell you how much in demand I have been; I have made fifty guineas, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am rapidly establishing myself in business, as I have had it from attorneys and clients of whom I know nothing.' He found the going circuit very irksome to him. His tastes were all in favour of the Equity courts, and he had a great repugnance to having anything to do with capital cases. While still a young man he had the honour of three times declining a seat on the bench as *puisse* judge. He was a wealthy man, and going once as serjeant to try cases, he afterwards sent a thousand guineas for the amelioration of the country he had visited. A magistrate relates how, going into the Chief Justice's private room, he found him studying the Bible while waiting for a verdict.

While speaking of 'Leading Barristers,' we are reminded of the large debatable ground to which rising barristers belong; and more especially of the junior bar, from which leaders emerge, and who all want to be leaders. We confess that we have a weakness for the briefless, even in preference for the well-briefed. If we might be allowed, with bated breath, to venture an adverse criticism on the great men, we would say that there are points on which men with little business have obvious advantages over men with a great deal. Leaders are often obliged to 'scamp' their case—got it up at the last moment, and imperfectly. Sir Henry Holland observes, on Queen Caroline's trial, 'I generally had to note the difference between the reality of facts, and the aspect they derived from faulty evidence, or from the ignorance on various points of those great lawyers them-

selves who pleaded on this evidence.' When an indifferent person knows a case thoroughly he is generally able to detect some fact that has been undealt with, or some argument omitted in its course. Your great lawyers are sometimes liable to import their greatness into ordinary society, to bring the advocate or the cross-examiner into converse. Sir Henry Holland says that Scarlett made his forensic habits too apparent in his demeanour at the dinner-table. Sydney Smith told him that he believed the most flattering compliment Scarlett ever uttered was one addressed to him in the course of an argument between them: 'Do you know, Sydney, you're not altogether in the wrong?' Scarlett used to explain his peculiar method to win a jury. He would pick out the jurymen whom he thought most intelligent and most likely to influence the rest, and by directing eye and speech to him flatter and win him over. A collection of such tricks and dodges of leading barristers would be very amusing, if not highly edifying. It would at least enliven their general style of conversation. This is what Sir Charles Bell says of them: 'Yesterday we dined with Judge Alderson and ten barristers. They are a curious set. Law cases and quotations of Latin classics formed all their conversation. After being long mute I gave them some new ideas.' The man who has given me the distinctive impression of being a dull man was a Vice-Chancellor. Now our young barristers have health, and hope, and the priceless boon of leisure and all kinds of splendid possibilities. They will tell how such a man has got a soup-ticket, i.e., a Crown brief; how well the High Sheriff treated them at such a town; how

pleasant the judge made himself, or how very much the converse; what glorious excursions were made by hill and stream in going from one assize town to another; and then the fun of the bar mess, the mock trials, the penalties on the man who has got married, or promoted, or arrived at the honours of paternity. Then they have the happy audacity of fluent converse, the whole range of criticism, speculation, and storytelling. Especially barristers seem to delight in the criticism and analysis of each other's characters and careers, and do it with uncommon point and fairness. I do not think very much of the chances of literary barristers;

certainly not as disparaging literature, but because law requires all a man's powers and energies if he is to do his abilities justice in a legal career. I will venture to hope and to predict for my junior friends that they will be leaders in time; I trust not with the shattered health of a Follett or Rolt, but certainly with the sacrifice of that boundless leisure which is the great boon and charm of existence, and when amid their substantial gains and possessions they will regret the vague mysteries and hopes of that unmarked chart of life which will then be mapped out for them in rigorous exactness.

F. A.





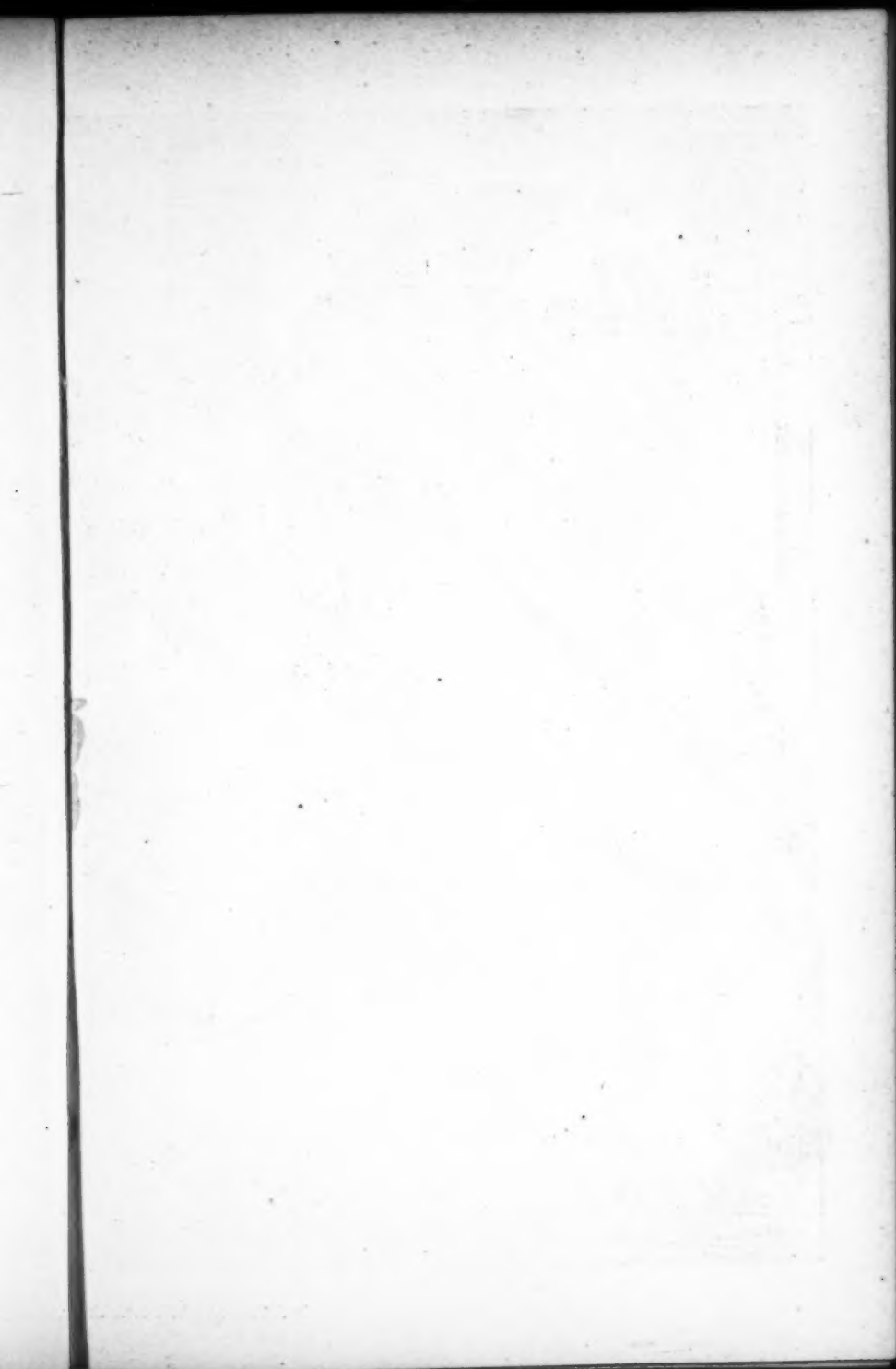
MARCH WINDS.

O'ER distant leagues of stormy sea,
 They come, the gales of Spring,
 From out the Æolian prison free,
 Full strong and swift of wing.
 They tell of havoc on the deep,
 Of ruin on the shore ;
 And mothers pray, and maidens weep,
 To hear the wild blasts roar.

The cordage creaks, the timbers strain,
 The wind-god works his will :
 He scours above the open plain,
 He beats upon the hill.
 Or here, like pliant osier-band,
 Will bend the forest trees,
 Or here delights with giant hand
 Uprooted trunks to seize.

Anon he comes, in merry might,
 To homes and haunts of men—
 Our artist trust—a motley sight,
 You straight shall witness then :
 He spares them neither young nor old,
 Matron, nor child, nor maid,
 On all, with daring over bold,
 His wanton hand is laid.

He rudely kisses fair young cheeks,
 And rudely tosses tresses ;
 And every fold his presence speaks
 In those disordered dresses.
 On mischief bent, whome'er he greets,
 His work he leaves not undone,
 And thus he gambols through the streets
 Of this gigantic London.

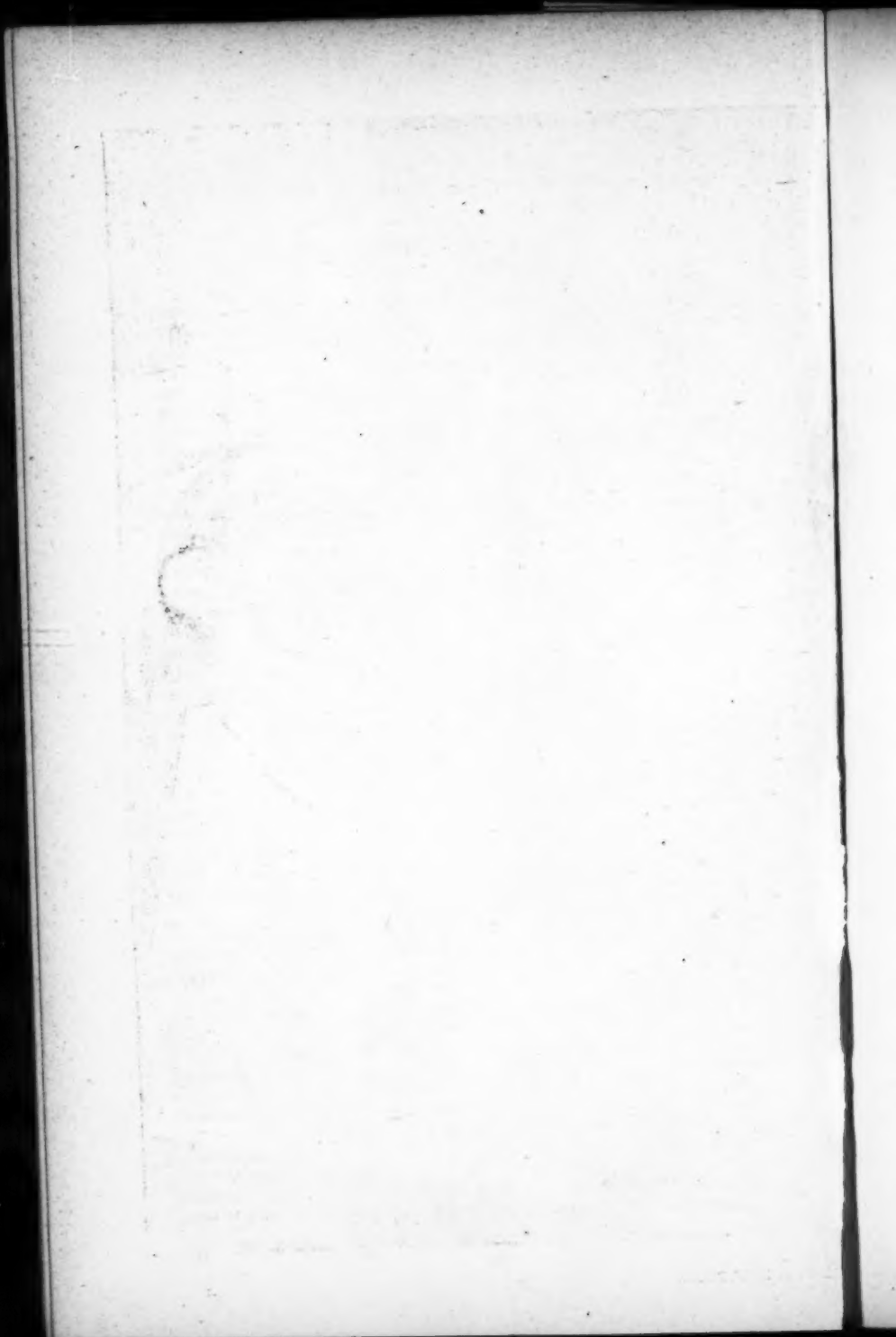




MARCH WINDS. DRAWN



INDS. DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY.



TRAVELS OF YOUNG CŒLEBS.

CHAPTER V.

THIRD JOURNEY.

THUS far it might seem that my adventures had not been very encouraging. Yet I was not dissatisfied. My share in the matter had always been marked with credit; but some perverse accident seemed to snatch victory from me, just as I was attaining it. Events I could not pretend to control; that would require an almost supernatural power; but I was obtaining skill from practice, and in time would learn to take the best advantage of—if I could not oppose—events that seemed hostile.

As a matter of course I received impatient letters from my father, and which always left a sense of the extremest depression. His brush or pen was almost Salvator-like in its persistent gloom and horror. Everything with him was ruin, despair, and misery. In a later despatch, he said plainly that Waterman was threatening 'to put in' an execution. (Waterman was a long-suffering butcher, now grown exasperated.) He said, unjustly enough, that I had put the last straw on the camel's back—that I had shown my utter helplessness, that it was only what might have been expected from one like me. To these unjust attacks I made no reply, trusting to time for my vindication. And time was still before me.

At lunch one day I heard a little conversation which attracted my attention. Some of my companions were talking of a new beauty who had just arrived, and who had been seen riding about the town, and exhibiting her mastery over a very fiery horse, with great grace and skill. I never was

greatly attracted by these glowing descriptions of 'new beauties'—not that I am insensible to the charms of the fair, which would betoken a certain rusticity and even brutishness, to which I do not plead guilty. But the truth is, I have invariably observed that great attractions are always in an inverse ratio to those vulgar and material adornments without which marriage, instead of a blessing, becomes a misery. I give no opinion, or state no preference: simple beauty, or simple money: those who will can choose: but I merely note the phenomenon, that the greater the beauty, the less the cash; the greater the cash, the less the beauty. It turned out in the present case that my philosophy was nearly right, for the lady had been just married, and married 'without a shilling' on her side. They spoke of 'Page and Adcock;' and it seemed that young Page, partner in the banking firm of that name, had just returned from his honeymoon, and this young wife of his was the new sensation of the place.

'But who,' said Phillips, 'is the strange little being that goes with her sometimes—a manniken in petticoats;—very cunning of her to keep such a foil with her always.'

'Oh, that's Adcock's daughter,' said Kinahan, 'who was travelling with them. Some people have strange tastes; it would have made a lemon moon of my honeymoon.'

'My dear Kinahan,' said Phillips, 'you are surprisingly pastoral and innocent in your ideas. You don't suppose that it was natural affec-

tion that made the "happy pair" accept such company. Old Adcock—or Hadcock as he usually calls himself—is the bank—has money to leave. It was a graceful act on the part of "the happy pair," as they are conventionally called—why I don't know—to offer to take her with them.

I was listening attentively, but said nothing. I made some inquiries the same day, and found that Phillips was more or less right in his facts. The points as to the travelling, &c., were of course of little interest to me. I was thinking of the biographical detail, as to this young heroine—I mean Miss Kitty Adcock, or Hadcock as her father might call her, as he had a perfect right to do. I did not take the sneering, jesting view they did. There was nothing to laugh at in the spectacle of an only child, plain to a degree, but on whom her father doted, who wished that she should have everything in the way of amusement and distraction that would compensate for the cruel disabilities with which nature had afflicted her. My curiosity was piqued; and, after a short time, I effected an introduction to the family.

Mr. Adcock was a plain, rough man, in build like a gymnastic club, a conformation made more apparent by his always wearing a loose ill-made tail coat in the daytime. It was no invidious peculiarity that addition of an h to his own name, for he prefixed it with perfect impartiality to all unprotected vowels of the same kind. In a day or two I was presented to his daughter Kitty, his *only* daughter. I must own that, prepared as I was by the cynical description of my friends, I was a little taken aback by the figure that now appeared. She was short, a little inclined to be overburdened about her shoulders, and had an

awkward, childish carriage. There was a look of peevishness or of continual pain in her face which was meant for a person ten years older. There was also an air of distortion about her features, but I could not identify the exact locality. 'Now, Kitty,' said her father, 'this gent wants to know you, and you must entertain him, as he's nothing better to do at present.'

This speech was characteristic of the rude, rough banker; but I could redeem it by a little compliment very much *à propos*: 'I think I could have nothing better to do than spend my time here!'

I found her a most curious girl—excitable, odd—changing the subject abruptly, and one who had evidently been humoured from her birth. When she was at all crossed in some purpose, I am sure she would cry. This of course was not her fault, but of being brought up to such enormous expectations as she had—her father had said plainly he would give her 60,000*l.*, with that delicious generality in addition, 'more at his death.' It was surprising she had not more defects. One thing I saw at once: she had conceived a sort of dog-like attachment to the humble individual who is relating this narrative. This might arise from a sort of sympathy she detected in my manner towards her, which I really felt; though, of course, fellows like Phillips and Kinahan would be ready with a coarse jeer, if I made such declaration before *them*. I do not see, because a girl 'has money,' as it is called, that this negatives all ordinary human appreciation; though I am free to admit it may colour one's judgment, softening down shadows, and throwing a sort of golden hue over all.

We became great friends, even the bearish old father growing ac-

customed to me. He would ask me to Sunday dinners, where I met Mr. Page and his fascinating wife, who I must admit, considering the short time she was married, displayed a surprising tendency to flirtation. She was certainly a most agreeable and fascinating person; and I could see that young Mr. Page was not altogether comfortable in her regard. She was gracious enough to take notice of me a good deal, saying that she had heard of my adventures in what she oddly called 'the amatory direction,' and had felt a strange curiosity to know me. I am not vain; and indeed may boast to be 'wide awake,' as an elegant man would call it, and I could see that this was owing a good deal to my undisguised devotion to the young lady of the house. Further, Kitty was herself sharp enough to see what were the aims of this charming person, and with that fretfulness which belonged to a person of her character, openly resented it, in a way highly flattering to me, though no doubt a little amusing to others. I am afraid that when Mrs. Page saw this result it only stimulated her the more, and old Mr. Adecock complicated matters exceedingly, with a rough speech—'Why Kitty, girl, you ar'n't jealous, aren't you?' My situation was indeed not a little embarrassing; but I could not be quite insensible to the charming Page and her attentions, and at the same time had to take care and not offend my original charmer, whose *penchant* for me was so marked. I soon saw I should have to be very cautious and would have to make my election, as it were; and presently adopted a sort of *reserve* to the charming lady. But still I could see the young heiress was suspicious and pettish.

In this way matters went on for

some time. I soon had reason to know that the affair was not displeasing to the family, as she was difficult to manage—and though many suitors had been selected for her, she had shown a perverse disposition, refusing invariably to speak even to such as presented themselves. This perverseness naturally annoyed her honest old father, who often said to me, that he would give anything to see her married 'to a sensible young fellow who would take care of her, and knock the nonsense out of her.' This seemed plain speaking; and to make it plainer, I asked him, hesitatingly, whether 'he would not of course expect corresponding wealth and rank in a son-in-law?' He answered that, so as she took *some one* who was decent and well behaved, he did not care, otherwise the girl would get eccentric. On this I pushed the approaches with fresh energy, and was delighted to find that my advances became more and more acceptable every day.

The only thing that puzzled me was the behaviour of the lovely Mrs. Page. The affair seemed a challenge to her. I am no vain creature, as I said before; and I was not foolish enough to suppose that a married lady could so far forget herself as to openly signify her preference for almost a stranger in this way. I had noticed that she was on excellent terms with Kinahan and some of the more lively spirits of the regiment; and that there seemed to be a sort of confidence between them, an awkward giggling, &c. I knew enough of the spiteful nature of my *confrères* to suppose it possible that they would try and get a little amusement out of my adventures. It was possible that they would 'put her up,' in mess phrase, to this 'little game.' With them everything was a 'little game,' or

a 'plant,' or a 'do,' or a 'go,' or some such vulgar and unmeaning generality. However this might be, there remained the fact, that the banker's daughter had shown no preference for any of *them*, and that an attractive woman condescended to compete with the said banker's daughter for my attentions. This lady used even to go so far as to ask me to tea, to ride out with her, &c., but I was wary and inflexible. My own charmer, always suspicious, used to question me closely, and I candidly told her of these advances, as they occurred. It would put her into a strange state of anger and excitement.

One day I had informed her of a pleasant little party that Mrs. Page was forming, and who insisted that I should go in her train. Miss Kitty flew into what seemed a rage, and declared that she would never speak to me again if I ever joined Mrs. Page's parties, or was seen with her. 'I'll never open my lips to you,' said the young lady. 'She laughs at me, because she thinks everybody isn't as pretty as she is; and now I insist on your giving me this promise, or I'll never speak to you.'

Later, when I thought the matter over, a reply occurred to me which I ought to have made promptly—that is, to have proposed something by way of bargain: 'If I give you this promise, you must make one to me.' But, somehow, I was always inclined to put off things to a sort of dramatic occasion, to a ball, for instance, instead of striking at once. There was an occasion at hand, on which I had determined to speak. The Tillston Grand Annual Races were to come off in a few days, when some of our men were to ride in the Grand Military Handicap. Kinahan, of course, coming from

a sporting country where every one goes over hedges and ditches, took a leading part, and was to pilot a wild brute, of singular strength and unmanageability, which had been imposed on Mr. Adecock for his own private riding. This beast was known as 'Harum-scarum;' and, after nearly killing a groom, was ordered for execution—his body to be disposed of to the knackers. Kinahan then interposed, and, after inspection, declared gaily to the banker that he would save him his price, at least, by winning a race with him. With no persons are rich bankers so pleased, as with those who save them some pounds which they fancy are lost; and I was quite surprised at the friendly interest which, from that moment, he took in Kinahan. 'A fine, high-spirited young Irishman,' he would say, again and again. 'If he gets himself killed,' I said, quietly, 'we won't think much of his spirit. It seems to me a little foolhardy.' He looked at me curiously, then said: 'By-the-way, why don't you ride?—I don't mean the "Harum-scarum," but some other horse.' 'I have not been brought up in a wild, half savage country, as Kinahan was. I think we should not imperil the precious life, Providence gave us, in so foolish a way.' I looked round to Miss Kitty for her approval: but instead of answering me on this subject, I could see that she was 'curious about Kinahan, and his rash proposal: 'When was it to be?—was it so dangerous?' &c., and 'Wasn't it brave of him?' This sort of interest, I noticed, she kept up and returned to. It rather surprised and made me more strong in my resolve that, on the race-day, I would bring matters to a crisis.

Within another week it came round. I was still not a little uneasy as to the curiosity exhi-

bited by my charmer in Kinahan's coming achievement; but the day itself would make all right. It at last arrived.

A great party was organised. For once, Mr. Adcock, in honour of the spirited behaviour of Kinahan, had consented to attend in person, ordering enormous baskets, choice wines, &c., to be sent on, and swearing that 'he would *go any stretch*' (these were his odd words) 'for a fellow of spirit.' This might seem to reflect a little on me; but I never minded his ways and manners much; and was resolved that this great occasion should bring matters to a crisis. The order of our party was as follows: there was the open barouche containing Mr. Adcock, Kinahan, Captain Phillips—odious cynic!—and his wife, the hampers, servants, &c. This officer was always certain to secure what he would call 'gratuitous transport,' wherever he was going; and was never known to pay a farthing for any party of pleasure. The lovely Mrs. Page, and her husband, occupied a little carriage drawn by a pair of small ponies, the lady driving; while Miss Kitty rode a gentle horse, attended by me on another. Such was the cavalcade on this remarkable day.

I felt a little nervous, for my destiny was in the balance—perhaps in both directions, physical as well as moral—not being very much accustomed to bestride steeds; and I had to look carefully to my own as well as to the balance of destiny. Miss Kitty, dressed in strange parti-colours, looked curiously uninviting. But that did not matter. I noticed, however, that she was more than ever pettish and suspicious, and, instead of contributing to the general good-humour on this day of hilarity, she looked at Mrs. Page, sitting in her new carriage and 'handling the rib-

bons,' with glances of anger and hostility.

'She expects to have all the gentlemen round her,' said Kitty to me. 'She has got up all this finery and show specially to put me down! Promise me you will not even speak to her to-day.'

Of course I gave the promise, accompanying it with a compliment, that 'while another was there,' &c. With this she was pleased. Why did I not then—? I could not have hoped for a more favourable opportunity. But, riding along the hard roads, the jogging character of my steed, was wholly antagonistic.

In honour of the occasion I was certainly resplendent. Reckless of the expense, I had ordered from a cheap tailor what he called a handsome extra-lounging suit, of a pale grey—in short, of the description which the French are fond of calling, 'tender and united.' The fit was accurate; but, as they were unduly delayed, and did not arrive until the last moment, I had not time to notice blemishes. It was only when I was fairly mounted, and giving my limbs full stretch, that I found that I should have relished greater space, a freer expansion. But the material was light and airy, and the human figure would soon work for itself larger and more convenient accommodation. The effect was all that could be desired; and a beautiful flower, Phillips sneeringly said, 'lit up the whole.' It did, though. Kinahan, with more native wit, said 'I was like th' Apollo Belyydare.' 'Or a bridegroom,' sneered Phillips. 'A little premature, my boy,' said Kinahan. I let them laugh.

The day was lovely. Miss Kitty really seemed to derive some advantage from it; and what with her dress—new for the occasion, like mine—and her new position

on horseback, acquired a certain fictitious attraction. But if we talk of attraction, what was I to say to the lovely Mrs. Page, who, in her hat and her feathers, and her gossamer-like laces, and her ponies, was indeed something to gaze at. I was gazing at her, when a strange look of bitterness, and dislike on Miss Kitty's face reminded me of what I was about. She was full of spirits, too, was Mrs. Page, on this auspicious day, and I could see was bent on mischief—her wicked eyes glancing particularly at me, and at Miss Kitty, with a liveliness that meant wickedness. When she saw me mounted and caracoling beside my charmer, she was almost spiteful. But perhaps another little circumstance ministered to her little ill-humour. I suspect it was on that day that Mr. Page's eyes began to be opened for the first time, and that he insisted on occupying the seat beside her in the pony-carriage, which I believe she had intended for company more piquant. I saw a cloud on his brow, and remarked it to my companion.

During the journey to the race-course the ponies were close behind us. We—that is Miss Kitty—could not get free of them. Mrs. Page even kept up a sort of brisk conversation which was infinitely diverting. She challenged us to races, whipped her little steeds up alongside, &c. All this was so distracting, that I could not concentrate my thoughts on the great business of the day—which, indeed, I had determined to postpone until after lunch, when a sort of emollient influence would be at work. Now I see that this was foolish. Strike; strike, I would say, to the young aspirant for emolumentary connubial honours, at once. Never postpone, which is fatal. *I postponed.*

The race was run, and won, in

due course; Kinahan, as will have been anticipated, winning on the coarse brute he had undertaken; and, I suppose, fancying he was to be down for fifty thousand pounds in Mr. Adcock's next will. The old gentleman was certainly in a tumult of delight. Lunch was spread, baskets opened, champagne flying. I felt not a little nervous as the moment drew near, which, indeed, promised most favourably; for I noted a certain restlessness and expectancy about her—a want of interest in the proceedings of the day. Why did I not then?—but I will not put these unprofitable questions any more, and let facts speak for themselves.

No one was in more delight at the victory of the family horse than the lovely Mrs. Page. She had made, and won, large bets on the event, even from me, in the specie of gloves, and I was now in her debt a dozen pairs. She called to me at once to come to her, and I had to obey. Miss Kitty saw me dismounting, and did not, indeed, forbid me; but, somehow, I was flattered by the attentions of the lady, who was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and, to say the truth, Miss Kitty was rather dull.

There was a little discussion, it seems, going on as to one of the jumps, which Mrs. Page declared, laughingly, a child could get over.

'What do you say, Mr. Quentin? Surely there is nothing wonderful in a horse jumping that?' Why you, who have been brought up in the country, would, I know, take it flying on foot.'

'No, he wouldn't,' said Kinahan, naturally piqued at this depreciation of his performance; 'not he!'

Phillips was, of course, there, and joined with his usual sneer: 'Of course—he is a sort of Admirable Crichton. Come, show off before the ladies, Quentin; they are dying to see you exhibit.'

'Yes—yes!' said the others. 'You are the only man that can jump it.'

'Do—do!' said Mrs. Page, bewitchingly. 'I will bet half a dozen pair of gloves on you.'

I felt a little suspicious at this eagerness. Why should they want me to jump for them? The only thing was I *could* do it. I *had* had country training, and could 'turn the tables' on them. Miss Kitty—I think in rather bad taste—whispered me, her face full of distrust and bitterness—

'Don't—don't! They only want to laugh at you.'

Laugh at me! Hardly. But the poor thing was not altogether brilliant. At all events I determined to show them what I could do. It was really an insignificant jump; and I was glad of the opportunity to 'put them all down.' So, with a light run, and without any of the preparatory flourishing, I set off and with an easy bound.

I firmly believe it was that Phillips—for Kinahan was too good-natured, though he loved his joke. They had stretched a fine piece of dark twine across, which caught my foot as I rose. It was a low, vulgar trick, whoever planned it. Of course there was a roar, as low and vulgar, as I fell. I did not heed *that* sound: but another, more significant and more fatal—a strange tone as of rending or snapping. I knew full well what it meant; and while they thought I was overcome with confusion at the tumble, it was in reality another matter that was confounding me.

I knew the whole extent of the evil. It was simply *tremendous*, and as irreparable as it was tremendous. A hint may be fairly gathered when I recall to the reader the frail character of the new garments ordered in honour of the day. They had no notion,

fortunately, as yet, of the extent of the evil. All their faces were turned towards my face as I came, but it was only a question of minutes. A careless outsider, going round, taking me *en profile* even, would soon arrive at the truth.

But even as I came up a desperate remedy now flashed upon me. The lovely Mrs. Page was holding the reins of the ponies, and the seat beside her was vacant, Mr. Page having gone to the other carriage for a few moments.

'Well,' I said, with an affectation of hilarity, 'I am entitled to some compensation for amusing you so much, and so you will let me take a little rest here after my downfall.' And without waiting for a reply I promptly took the vacant seat. She was a little astonished.

'Well,' she said, 'you bear it very good-humouredly, which is a great thing, and so I won't refuse you. But what will your friend Miss Kitty say when she sees you? There, she is looking now; she is not pleased. You had better go.'

'Go,' I said; 'no, no, I have no thoughts of such a thing. Indeed you must not ask me,' I said, despairingly. 'I want you to grant me a favour, the only one I ever asked, and you *must*.'

'Dear me, how odd you are. What is this favour, pray?'

'To let me stay here during the rest of the time, and be driven home by you.'

'O dear no, impossible. Mr. Page wouldn't hear of such a thing. What an absurd idea.'

'Nothing absurd, surely,' I said almost frantically, 'in the idea of being seated by you, and in seeing those charming hands guide those creatures.'

'Oh, nonsense,' she said. 'I tell you what I shall do. I shall just drive you back to your own lady-love, with whose charms you are

so properly smitten, and there you must really get down.'

As she spoke she gave her ponies a touch with her whip, and we were presently driving over to the Kitty party.

'Look,' I said, hurriedly; 'more depends on this than you suppose. I don't want to ride home; that is——'

'What, tired of your love already? O, shameful fickleness.'

I could not let her be under this impression, which I knew she would report at once.

'No, no, it's not that.'

'Not that; why, everything is not that. See, Kitty, I have brought our friend back. I declare he wants to stay with me, but I won't hear of it.'

Kitty was looking furious, with a specially peevish air. A groom came up, leading my horse.

'I think you had better get on him, sir; he'll get restive if he's left too long to himself.'

I assure you I could no more dare present myself to mount on my horse, or indeed rise from my seat, than I could present myself in the morning when first coming, like Venus, from the bath. Matters had grown worse within the last few minutes; for the old principle, 'a stitch in time,' &c., had a deeper philosophy, and, in its converse shape, had a far greater force, since it was to be now discovered that the delayed stitch caused a yawning crevasse to open with all the rapidity of a leak at sea.

'Come, lad,' said Mr. Adcock in his rough way, 'get a horseback at once, and don't keep the ladies awaiting.'

What was I to say? 'I am sure,' I said, 'some one else would like to ride; I should not like to engross all the sport of the day.'

'I declare if he ain't afraid to git on again,' roared Mr. Adcock.

'You must, I know you won't

refuse me,' I implored of Mrs. Page. 'I dare not quit this place. Think me odd, strange, queer, anything you like. I will tell you as we go home. I know I may confide in you—a secret that I may not tell any one else.'

'Oh! I declare this can't be,' she said, seriously. 'I really believe you want to compromise me. I must really request, Mr. Quentin, that you won't be ridiculous, and that you will get out of my carriage at once.'

'I can't, I dare not,' I said, passionately. 'There is your husband coming, and you will have a scene, I warn you. Put yourself on my side.'

'Ridiculous! I really think you are mad. Go out of my carriage, please.'

Mr. Page had now come up. He was in a bad humour, having lost on the race. 'Hallo,' he said, 'you installed? Here, let us be off. I'm tired of this work.'

'This gentleman won't go,' said Mrs. Page. 'What are we to do? He says I must drive him back to town.'

Fire and jealousy came into the husband's eyes.

'I suppose this is some of your arrangement,' he said. 'I am sorry to disturb it, but I choose to drive home in my own carriage.'

'Indeed it is no arrangement,' she said, a little fluttered, for she knew his temper.

'Never mind,' he said, roughly, 'I shall put a stop to it. Come, out you go, Mr. Cælebs, and no more words about it.' And he laid hold of my coat.

A desperate thought flashed upon me. I stooped forward hurriedly and whispered to him, 'For heaven's sake, for humanity, you can't refuse!'

He was not a bad-natured fellow, after all, and laughed. 'All right,' he said. 'Well, you may

have my place; entertain her as well as you can.'

'But I don't want to be entertained,' said the lady. 'Do you mean to say I am to drive this gentleman?'

'Yes, you must,' he said: 'I wish it. You'll find him very good company. Come, no nonsense, Susan: don't make a fool of yourself.'

'I'll never forget this to you,' I said. 'To you,' I added, turning to her, 'I will explain all as we go along.'

'You will do no such thing,' she said. 'I think it very forward and ungentlemanly to force yourself on a lady in this way, and get her husband to join. I'll not open my lips to you,' and she gave her ponies the lash.

But at this moment rode up Kitty, sour and bitter.

'Very well, very well, Mr. Quentin; I shall not forget this insult—never!'

'Don't mind it, Kitty,' said Page, mounting my horse; 'it will be all right, never fear. *I am afraid he's gone over to the enemy. All is fish to Mrs. P.'s net.*

He was in good humour again, and laughing loudly.

'I am astonished at you,' I heard her say, indignantly, 'after all your complaints to papa.'

'Husbands must put up with this sort of thing, and so had best resign themselves. But it looks as if she had taken him from you altogether.'

She said nothing, but rode off. I tried to explain to Mrs. Page, but she would not listen. She said, 'This is fine treatment for Mr. Page to expose me to. But he shall explain it to me, or I shall know the reason why. As for you, Mr. Quentin, I consider anyone who forces his company on a lady, and sets that lady's husband against her, as acting in a most ungentlemanly way.'

She would not hear a word of explanation—not a syllable. As soon as I got home I rushed to my own quarters, changed the odious new suit, and hurried back as fast as I could. The whole story had by that time transpired, and for the rest of the day I had to endure the most terrible badgering, and unmitigated attacks. But Kitty would not speak to me—would not say even a word. Her peculiarly constituted idiosyncrasy made her unsusceptible of the receipt of a rational explanation, I am grieved to say, that no exertion, no exhibition of penitence on my part ever removed the unfavourable impression, and from that day to this she has never spoken to me.

Certainly, I have been most unfortunate hitherto in my love adventures, and I begin to think whether it be not time to consider my mode of operations.

CHAPTER VI.

Shall I own to the feeling that instead of being damped by these failures, as I suppose the world would consider them—and I am conceited enough to deny that they were failures—my ardour was rather whetted. Such disappointments were the result of hostile accidents; my own honest exertions had never had a fair trial as yet. In all candour this must be allowed. My friend Kinahan, indeed, often repeated to me the adage, 'Faint heart never yet won fair lady,' by way of comfort, the honest fellow scarcely seeing that his ancient saw hardly applied to my case. I had no special views with regard to 'fair' ladies, and, therefore, 'faintness' did not enter into the matter. I was all right in that respect. The thing was, would boldness carry the day with a *rich* lady; and, on this point, his information was

meagre to a degree. His lights were not very remarkable, though he had a native bluntness that stood him in good stead.

Some of our officers used often to affect discrimination in the invitations they accepted, 'turning up their noses' at any worthy people who were inclined to be hospitable. I never took this view. First, it seemed to me to be an ungracious return; and, secondly, to one engaged in the pursuit that I was, it was only prudent not to neglect any opportunity that offered. When, therefore, a local solicitor of good standing, a man who was highly and deservedly considered in the place, asked me to a 'set' dinner, I at once agreed to go. There was no knowing how it might turn out. Such people are often the sort of ground that Belgium has been to contending powers, where the greatest hosts often meet in battle; or, perhaps, like some obscure little town which has been chosen as the scene for the discussion of some vast treaty. I was wise in my generation, as will be seen.

The solicitor was grateful to me (he had asked no less than four of 'ours'). The cynosure of the party was an M.P.—a tall, portly, Sir Robert Peel sort of legislator—whose solicitor the host was. Mr. Tumbrill was the name: a starched white waistcoat, starched white tie—starched white trousers, if such had been the regulation costume. He was an exceeding gentlemanly, eloquentionary sort of man; so much so, that as he spoke from the rug before dinner, he seemed to stand in a sort of spectral pulpit that reached up his lower limbs to the Peel waistcoat. This then was Mr. Tumbrill, M.P.; with him was his daughter, Mabel, a stately Roman-peasant sort of girl, with

fine dark eyes, and a poetical bearing. I was introduced to both, and received cordially. I took her in—I mean to dinner. All through the meal the member gave various sermons chiefly on the one text—*rank—Lords—Peerage—birth 'blood in your veins'*—a perpetual fire, with a shell every two minutes or so of 'The Duke'—'The Duke.' The influence of high caste could alone save the country; and if the rich streams of 'blue blood' could only be more generally diffused through the country—he seemed to be speaking as though 'mains' could be laid on from some great central reservoir—there would be a new future for England. He did not care for wealth; what was it? for estates; what were they? Give him rank or blood. The young lady, too, spoke in the same strain. She, too, adored rank and blood, and the society of 'well-born persons.' Had I not remarked how much 'nicer' these were in every way—to talk to, to be with. I cordially agreed with both, and introduced my angust relative, Lord Sillopes. Both started, and almost gave a cry. Why, they knew him well, and they had been at Sillopes. And I was his relation! How strange, how mysterious was this meeting! Why if there was a man who could be pointed to as an illustration of the few theories he had been laying down, as a true nobleman—gracious, generous, ennobling to all those with whom he came in contact—that man was Lord Baron Sillopes! I could scarcely concur in these eulogies, consistently, at least, with a nice and accurate sense of truth; but a dinner-table is not a witness-box. So, for courtesy sake, I joined in these praises. I seemed to rise to a vast height in their estimation, and when I told them

that his lordship had taken such an interest in our family, as to take care of all my prospects, finding me a commission in the army, &c., both declared that I must come and stay at Tumbrill.

'I like you exceedingly, Mr. Quentin,' he said, 'and so does Mabel. In the general reign of plebeianism it is refreshing to meet with a gentleman. Talk of your virtuous and heroic people. A gentleman is to me the finest human creature going.'

Miss Mabel held really the same language. 'You will sympathise with us I can see. We shall get on charmingly. We shall read Tennyson and Frederick Locker—my favourites. Everything there is refined and elegant. Do you not loathe and detest all that is saving, scraping, mean, especially shabby aping gentility. There have been some who have done me the honour to pay me great attention, and who were what is called desirable, and who seemed very nice, and such as I could like. For I suppose you know that people are good enough to style me an heiress, and, on that account, make me the object of their kind attentions.' (This set at rest some little doubts I had had; though, indeed, an only child of an 'M.P.' might have been above suspicion.) 'Well, you may call me sensitive, or romantic, or what you will, but, somehow, when one of these men spoke of a bargain he had made, or how "he had saved cab hire" by walking, a perfect revulsion came over me, and I could not speak to him again. Another gentleman boasted of the time he had kept his hat; only fancy, saving money in that way. O! meanness, doing anything unworthy of one's caste and position is what I loathe.'

All this seemed to me a little
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extraordinary—not to say incomprehensible. I was still puzzled, when my solicitor host confided to me that Miss Tumbrill's and her father's nice feelings on this topic deserved the more credit, as they had risen from a considerably lower position than the one they at present occupied. Still they seemed to me to deal rather unreasonably with the little shifts and savings just mentioned, which were, in truth, as we knew at home, often matter not of choice but of cruel necessity. As being a lady's theory, it was not worth while dissenting from.

In short, I made so favourable an impression, that I was pressed to come to Tumbrill that very week, where a small shooting party was expected. 'Come, come,' said Mr. Tumbrill, 'no excuses, my daughter likes you, and we will take care of you.'

During the next day or two I heard a good deal more of these people. It was really, as Kinahan called it in his plain way, 'a *bonâ fide* thing,' which signified that she would inherit all her father's money and estates, made in trade, and worth some four or five thousand a-year. The same authority, who was good-natured always, though he took care to exact payment by never ceasing 'chaffing' and jesting, assured me that they had questioned him about my connection with Lord Sillopes; that Mr. Tumbrill had announced that 'he had taken quite a fancy to me, and meant to keep me at Tumbrill as long as he could.' This was some encouragement, and I proceeded to get ready to start at once.

Tumbrill was about two hours distance by rail, on a line well known for its breadth, both of gauge and of charges. I have confided to the reader the very slender resources of myself and

family, and it would be sheer mock modesty to have any delicacy in the matter; I was a gentleman, and a poor one. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the confession. I should feel much more shame if I had done what some of my companions, with very little more means than I myself possessed, did without scruple, viz., run in debt without any reasonable hope of paying, and I was bound to economize in every way. Therefore, when I got to the station I felt no scruple in going in the cheapest way I could. I took my place in a solitary second class carriage, and, you may be sure, felt no loss of dignity. As the train was starting, a quiet, gentlemanly-looking young man came up and entered the same compartment.

He was dressed genteely in a sober shooting suit, had his cloaks, rugs, &c., and almost at once became engrossed in one of those handy railway novels, written by the vivacious Mr. Trollope, I think. We presently got into conversation, though he was at first reserved. We criticized his author, who, he said, he found was growing 'a little too fond of dialogue,' and whose descriptions of good society seemed to him to be sometimes inaccurate. He had a bundle of newspapers, and good-naturedly offered me his 'Pall Mall Gazette.' I soon found out that he had spent a good deal of time in travelling, that he was familiar with many languages, and, in short, was a most accomplished person. My curiosity was quite piqued, when he spoke of his mother and sister who lived in London. He also half apologized for choosing that department of the train; but said he did it on principle on that line. First, because it was comfortable; and, secondly, because he could not afford to throw away much money.

I met his confidence by a similar confession, adding the declaration I so lately made to the reader—that I thought it was more gentlemanly to pay all that one owed than to keep up false appearances. He agreed, and said that was his view too. Who was he? In these radical days, noblemen have done little eccentric things of this sort; and I have heard of more than one who has declared, that 'he would travel fourth class if there was one, were it only to spite the companies.'

But he was very reserved and guarded, and I soon found that I could extract little from him of his personal history. His remarks had a caustic flavour that was highly entertaining, and he was special satirical on the other sex. He said a man had not time nowadays to think of making love. Marriage was of course a different business; but the follies committed in that way were really melancholy. He had known many fine young fellows who had thus committed suicide—so he called it—in a moment of infatuation, marrying some young thing—a good deserving girl it might be, but without a penny. This view coincided with my own, as I indeed told him, for I am one of those who think that confidence should be repaid with a certain generosity. I said I had had several escapes from designing persons; and that I, too, had seen enough of life and of that sex, to know that the only plan was to take them as you found them.

'Perhaps marrying for money,' I said, 'is not so selfish a thing, or so foolish after all. I frankly own it is what I intend doing.'

'Ah!' he replied, 'but it is easier intending than doing. People are more often bitten, than they bite. I'd advise you, sir, to be careful.'

'Ah! you hardly know my policy,' I said; 'I am armed at all points. You might not think it, but at this moment I am going on an expedition of the kind. Not that it has been of my seeking. These things come to me, not I to them.'

'You are lucky, then,' he answered. 'And has it gone far? Of course I don't want to know your secrets.'

'Oh! as for that,' I said, 'you are welcome. I may say this much, that at the house to which I have been invited, there is a wealthy father, and an only daughter; the ground laid out, everything made smooth, and I have only to walk on straight—mum—you understand. Of course I mention no names, and don't like to boast.'

'I wish you all success,' he said.

'But here we are, I don't go further than this.'

It was a manufacturing town fast rising into importance. I took leave of my friend heartily, and proposed that we should exchange cards. He laughed.

'Oh, I never took that trouble,' he said. 'But my name is one easily recollected—Robinson.'

'What address, then,' I said, 'taking out my note-book.'

'Not worth giving you,' he answered. 'Two railway travellers were never known to meet again: it's no matter. I wish you all luck with the heiress; but don't be too confident.'

We shook hands, and he was gone. I got a fly, and was presently driving out to Tumbrill, some four miles away. As we rolled on I felt a sort of elation, for everything now promised exceedingly well. I felt, too, in the vein to make use of such gifts as I possessed. We soon reached the place, a handsome but new edifice, with a lawn, but not very far from

the roadside, and the grass, trees, &c., seemed only a few years old. It was near dinner-time when I entered, and I was received at the door in the most cordial manner by Mr. Tumbrill.

'Delighted to see you,' he said. 'Welcome to this unpretending, but, I hope, not unrefined mansion. Go into the drawing-room and pay your respects to Mabel—she said she was sure it was your fly—and then to dress. We have only Sir Thomas and Lady Loftus, General and Mrs. Marjoribanks, and Featherstone—of the Guards—Lord Featherstone's, you know' (I understood him, for this 'you know' is a sort of pedigree form of expression, meaning intimate connection with a person of high rank, though it has also a happy indefiniteness. 'Lord so and so, you know,' signifying either nephew, cousin, or the faintest connection).

I went into the drawing-room and paid my respects to Miss Mabel Tumbrill, who received me most graciously, then hurried off to dress for dinner. At that meal I found Sir Thomas and Lady Loftus, the General and his wife, and also 'Lord Featherstone's, you know'—a forward, almost impudent, fellow, of the most astonishing assurance. In ten minutes I saw plainly that he had the most daring aims, and that he was an open candidate for my heiress! He had no refinement; could only talk of horses and hounds, and make rude open-air jokes. So far I had an advantage over him, yet still I felt a certain depression. Mabel herself was flattered by his bold attentions; but I could see, turned, after all, to the man of cultivation and refinement. I made desperate exertions, and had some success. Her father was on my side; he brought forward Lord Sillopes again and again.

Still the forwardness of the other, and his blunt way of talking, which nothing would put down, were all against me. But, at breakfast the next morning, my good luck laid a pitfall for him into which he fell. We were all talking of expense, and of some man known as a great squanderer.

'O, he has run through every shilling,' said Mr. Featherstone. 'The most reckless creature you ever heard of. I was with him the other morning, and what do you suppose he did? A new coat came home, and the tailor who brought it (Toole himself, a great compliment) actually put it on to show how it fitted. The other really declined to take it, and insisted on another being made. I never saw a man so wounded as Toole was.'

I instantly saw my advantage. 'He was quite right,' I said; 'I admire him for it. It showed a delicacy of mind, and that he knew what was due to his high caste.'

'It was rubbish and nonsense,' he said. 'What harm did it do the coat? I would have worn it, and taken it at half price on the spot.'

The look of disgust on her face showed me that *his* business was finished on the spot.

'I agree with you, Mr. Quentin,' she said, 'and I think Mr. Featherstone cannot be serious. The idea is odious.'

Nothing would put down Featherstone. He affected to ridicule me, but it would not do. I had dislodged him by the *adroit coup*. All that day I spent with her. She seemed to look at me with eyes of a sort of tender romance, and a strange interest. She said, about five o'clock, in a strange meaning way, that 'she had begun to think that I was the only one in the wide world that had yet

succeeded in understanding her.' This was encouragement indeed! Why did I not speak on the moment? she seemed to expect it. Why, indeed! it was all my unlucky luck. I put it off till the night—after dinner, in the drawing-room. Fool!

At dinner there was a large party, from the neighbourhood, sixteen, and I sat beside her. She was so gracious, so soft, so encouraging, I began to think I would anticipate, and do it then. The miserable Featherstone was distanced, though I don't think he knew why. He carried it off with an air of unconcern. She spoke of him. 'Your noble words,' she said, 'quite delighted me. I knew I should like you from the first; and I feel that I shall like you better. Of that man I had formed a good, a high opinion; yet you see how the earthy spirit came out. He will never be able to restore himself in my opinion. Since I have known you, I have heard not a single word that was not lofty and even chivalrous.' Why did I not speak then? some infatuation made me put it off.

Mr. Tumbrill, I could hear, was 'airing Lord Sillopes,' giving me at the same time a corresponding ventilation. Sir Thomas had met him once—others had heard of him; attention was concentrated on my humble self. My opinion was demanded on various points of politics, law, social economy, books and what not, and respectfully listened to. It was indeed an hour of triumph. I gave even little disquisitions and reflections on things in general.

'It is astonishing,' I said, 'how intelligence is diffused, and how the stiff barriers of intercourse are every day being broken down. Just as a little instance I may mention what happened to myself

coming along home in the railway. I was fortunate enough to meet a quiet intelligent-looking gentleman, who seemed a barrister in good practice, or even a member of Parliament. We fell into conversation, and, of all the men I have ever met, I have never found one so acute, or so dryly sarcastic in his views. I never was so entertained. I never saw him before, and, I suppose, shall never see him again.'

They were all interested.

'Most curious,' said Sir Thomas.'

'How interesting!' said Mrs. Marjoribanks.

'And why not?' asked the General.

'Well, he refused to give me his card, saying as much as that he did not want to be known. He said his name was Robinson, but that was, of course, a fictitious one.

Featherstone laughed loudly. 'Nothing so fictitious, as I have reason to know,' he said.

'No,' I said, without taking any notice of his remark, 'I have never seen him before, and shall never see him again.'

The party, as I have said, was a large one, and, to make the attendance more efficient, the several valets, &c., of those staying in the house were enrolled as attendants. Looking round on the company as I made this remark, my eyes suddenly fell on the face and figure. I was so taken back, I gave a start that was evident to all. Never see him again? Why there, behind the chairs, with a quiet, grave face, and a white tie, stood the being who had travelled with me in the railway! To say that I started from my chair, or was astonished, was nothing. I was aghast! and, forgetting to speak or finish the sentence, with all the company waiting, I sat agape, with my eyes

fixed on his face. Featherstone was the first to understand. He looked round sharply at his man, then at me, with a sudden smile.

'You are not well, my dear Quentin?' said the host. 'Is anything the matter?'

'Nothing,' I said, with a ghastly laugh. 'I am tired; I was not well this morning.'

The miserable Featherstone enjoyed my position—revelled in it. He even said, maliciously, 'I fancy I can understand what is the matter.'

There was a little curiosity and surprise on *her* face. She thought I was odd, no doubt. I made this impression worse by my abstraction and confusion during the rest of dinner, for I was thinking what was I to do.'

At last the ladies went away. As yet she could know nothing for certain, though she might guess. When the wine had been taken, and we rose to join the ladies, my resolution was formed—a desperate one. I stole away to my own room, and hastily rang the bell. I told the man that answered it, to ask Mr. Featherstone's servant to come to me. That person soon presented himself. He entered respectfully, but with the same perfect air of equality.

'We meet again,' I said, with an affectation of cordiality. 'How curious, isn't it? But you never told me that you were—er—attached to Mr. Featherstone, or engaged in those duties—'

He answered, 'I was not called on to do so. You sent for me, I think?'

'It is really like a play,' I went on. 'But you heard how I spoke of you; and, I assure you, my opinion is not in the least exaggerated.' He bowed again. 'Now,' I went on confidentially, 'you keep your reserve with me.

I will deal quite frankly with you. I should not like the fact of my mistake to get abroad. There is no necessity for it. People are so malicious, and so fond of having a laugh.' He bowed again. 'People are malicious, and are fond of a laugh, no doubt. Well,' I said, 'this is to be a secret between us. Promise me. There is a trifle—all I can spare'—(I could spare none of it), and I tried to put half a sovereign into his hand.

He drew back—

'Pray don't, sir,—no need of that—the matter is a mere trifle. The truth is, it has been mentioned. You see, you did not scruple to mention it at dinner; why should I scruple to mention it below stairs? I did so when I saw that you had violated our implied confidence.'

'But to your master, I mean! Then, do take this—oblige me?'

'Please don't offer me money. No; you magnify a mere trifle. Believe me, the best way is to leave the thing as it is.' And he made a final bow, and left me.

I was in despair. There was nothing for it but to go down again and face the company. There I found Featherstone in the ascendant. He was proposing small plays. He was riotous.

'Come,' he said, 'let us put our friend here on the stool of repentance, and submit him to a severe and searching cross-examination. Come, sir, prepare to amuse the ladies. Do you hesitate? I should like to examine you about your travels? eh, Mr. Quentin!'

I had to bear with this insolence, and was put through all the stages of the odious game.

Burning with anger at the ridiculous figure I was made to cut, when my turn came, I was ready to make an example of him. But, as I began with fury, he coolly took his seat, and said,

'Now, take care that you behave—or——'

It was evident that he was going to keep this hanging over my head like a sword of Damocles. The only chance for me was to be quick, and strike that very night before he had time to attack.

She was still interested in me, and, at the first opportunity, I said to her, 'I have only a short time to stay—in fact, I must go to-morrow.'

'Go to-morrow?' she said.

'And why? You were to stay a fortnight. We have offended you? I saw it at dinner.'

'No, no, no. Not you.'

'But surely you don't mind that Mr. Featherstone and his jokes——. But that is only his fun.'

'Yes,' I said, as a sudden inspiration came on me, 'I do mind him, because others mind him. I cannot endure to see him preferred. But that is nothing: so I had better go.'

'If that be the reason we can easily remove it. If I assure you, or can show you that there is no such preference, either on father's side or on mine——'

'Ah! if you will show me that.'

'You shall see,' she said. 'I find you are of a jealous turn.'

At this moment came up Featherstone full of his 'horse' spirits. He wanted some other piece of fooling to be set on foot. It was delightful to see how she set him down—withered him with coldness. She was a curious girl, and I firmly believe liked me; and only for——. But I must hurry on. He saw my look of triumph, but said, 'O, very well!' He was really taken back by the firm position I held with her. Why did I not finish all that night! A bold dashing charge at the gallop, and all would have been well. But I was afraid of the ridicule

from the suddenness, and so I foolishly deferred it until the day following.

I went to bed full of hope. No one could have received such marked encouragement; and, as for that little business in the railway, my fears had magnified it. Featherstone was cowed; he felt that my position was too assured to be worth disturbing. As we broke up for the night, she gave me a strange look of interest. Why did I not do what I intended?

The next morning I came down to breakfast, full of spirits. The table was crowded. Mr. Featherstone was rather dull, but, as he took his place, he cast at me a look of indescribable insolence. Mr. Tumbrill was looking over his letters and papers. 'The shares of our line here,' he said, 'have gone up six this week, and are still going up. I wish I had more of them.'

'Now, I suppose,' said Featherstone, 'that you lose a good deal of money by people travelling with a ticket of a higher class than that for which they have paid?'

'No doubt,' said the other. 'And, I dare say, by gentlemen of a saving turn taking second-class tickets who ought to travel first.'

Miss Tumbrill said with great scorn: 'You cannot call them gentlemen!'

'Hush,' said he, 'you mustn't say that.'

I felt myself colouring all over.

'I do say it,' she said; 'words could not convey the contempt I should feel at such meanness. A person who could so degrade his caste should remain second class all his life, and not be allowed to rise again.'

'Good gracious! you are only joking, er—Oh, I know you are.

At any rate, I must tell a little adventure of our friend there, and which is so funny that I know you will forgive him.'

'Pray don't. I beg—I implore,' I faltered. 'O this is mean and shabby—I know your object too——'

'Object, Mr. Quentin! What would you insinuate? After this, I am bound to tell it, and Miss Tumbrill will see if I have any object but that of making her laugh. I am afraid it is you who have the object, who were trying to tamper with my man last night, only you didn't succeed in getting him over.'

'How very strange all this is,' said Miss Tumbrill, looking round at me, suspiciously. 'This is all very serious.'

'O, let him go on and tell it all. I still say it's most unworthy. I'm not the first that has travelled second class in the world, I suppose?'

'My good friend, you are making too serious a business of it all. I am only amused at the mistake you made, which I really think ought to be sent to Madison Morton for his next farce. My man told it all to me this morning. You must know, Miss Tumbrill, my servant was the sagacious man of the world our friend here was telling us of at dinner yesterday. He only arrived here last night.'

There was a loud peal of laughter. But in a low voice of scorn, she said to me. 'And you travel in low second class carriages, talk with valets, and take them for gentlemen. No wonder you fall into such mistakes.'

'Really,' said her father, 'this is most singular, Mr. Quentin. You should give up such modes of travelling. It's levelling—lowers one's caste and derogates. I am rather surprised, Mr. Quentin. If

Lord Sillopes were to hear of this——?

I did not mind what he said, though after breakfast he took me aside 'to remonstrate formally,' he said, 'against degrading his establishment. It would be talked of in the neighbourhood, and bring discredit on him. He hoped I would give up the practice, at

all events, while doing him the honour of being a guest. It was only a few shillings——'

But for Mabel, she never spoke to me again. I really think she looked on me as a sort of contaminated thing. I left the same afternoon, and within six weeks she was married to Mr. Featherstone.



YOUNG LOCHINTAR.

THE BAL MASQUÉ AT MI-CARÈME.

A Reminiscence of Paris in the Spring of 1870.

I AM one of those lucky individuals whom chance led to Paris in the spring of 1870. I saw her then in the acme of her glory. Never had there been a warmer or finer season. Never had the vivacity of the most vivacious of citizens reached a greater height. Never was the Carnival so merrily kept. In the midst of plenty, surrounded by pure, untainted air, not a thought of famine, pestilence, or the enemy without the gate, disturbed their hilarity. The only use of the paraded troops of soldiery was for reviews on the fête days at Long-champs, or for the execution of manoeuvres to the music of inspiring tunes in the gardens of the Tuileries. All was tranquil, and though the excitement of the Plebiscite seemed at one time likely to swell into a tumult, yet in reality it did nothing more than add piquancy to the daily routine.

It is not my intention to dilate on the contrast presented to me as I walked through the principal boulevards and Champs Elysées quite recently, but merely to give a reminiscence of my former visit, and a description of a national orgie which is not likely to be celebrated with equal magnificence and abandon for one or two years to come.

The Mi-Carême—or the day on which Lent divides—is, as I suppose most of my readers already know, a great festival in France, a sort of 'half-way house' of entertainment on that six weeks' pilgrimage of our annual life on which good Catholics are supposed to fast.

Experience has, no doubt,

proved that a nation of so exuberant a temperament as the French is unable to exist for forty consecutive days without an interval in which it may legitimately quench its thirst for excitement, in which it may woo its darling Terpsichore without scruples of conscience, and in which it may act up to its motto 'Vive la joie,' without a visit of confession to its priests. The dissipation at Mi-Carême is even greater, and certainly more relished by the votaries of pleasure, than the Carnival itself; for at the latter the people join in the festivities with the delight of a well-fed gourmand at one of a series of *recherché* dinners, whilst at the former they indulge in the revels with the same keen appetite with which a *gourmet* would relish a feast at the Trois Frères Provençaux after dining for three weeks at a Bouillon for fifty centimes.

I had the good luck, as I have said, to be in Paris at this season with two friends who, my juniors by three or four years, and fresh from College, were as eager to be witnesses, and more eager still to be partakers, of every prank and adventure that fortune might happen to throw in our way. I will call them M—— and N——, and beg to introduce *myself* to the reader by the name of the unknown X——.

We were first apprised that Mi-Carême was no ordinary day by the sound of a trumpet, by means of which a man in a balcony—opposite to the room where we were breakfasting—was making morning hideous, and we deputed N—— (the youngest of our party) to obtain full par-

ticulars of the events of the day at the 'Bureau.' This task N—— was by no means reluctant to undertake; for, I must tell you, that at the bureau was stationed a young lady, youthful in years and prepossessing in appearance, who—though supposed to be engaged upon an immense book of figures, which was laid out ostentatiously before her—was not loath to snatch a few moments from her calculations to talk with either M—— or N——, who in their turn were equally pleased to 'air' their French in such pleasant society.

Masquerading in the streets during the day, and the ball at the opera house at night, were the pith of N——'s report, and after *déjeuner*—(second *déjeuner* of course)—or at about half-past one, we sallied forth from our hotel to see—what was to be seen.

We passed down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, which was already crowded. All Paris was out of doors, and, with eyes turned towards the street, seemed expectant of some great sight. We waited with the multitude for some time, but, after watching a rather poor procession of people dressed up in grotesque costume, we made for the Boulevards, where, as N—— had been instructed, was the grand rendezvous. At about every fourth house on our way, men with faces purple, and eyes watering with their exertion, were 'blowing up the trumpet in the new moon,' as M—— expressed it. From the Madeleine to the Château d'Eau, every balcony that commanded a view of the street was thronged, the cafés crammed, and the foot-paths choked by the 'many-headed,' all waiting to see the fun. The *fun* appeared to us exceedingly small and totally inadequate to the number of persons as-

sembled to witness it, a mere repetition of what we had seen already. Occasionally, carriages containing some young people in tights, and men in masked costume, and, now and then, a car, on which deities were personified—Bacchus with a painted face, and Venus with some children (carrying silver paper bows and arrows) for Cupids, being the favourites, drove slowly past, and then a crush would be made on all sides to catch a glimpse of them, and a murmur of applause would run through the crowd. But a small amount of sight-seeing goes a long way in Paris, as anyone who has noticed the immense concourse which a Punch and Judy show will draw together, will admit.

At five o'clock, finding that the gaiety of the scene did not compensate for the annoyance of the crowd, we took a cab and returned with the string of carriages, at funeral pace, to our hotel. We there found our friend still busily employed in 'blowing up the trumpet in the new moon.' He had not changed his position in the balcony, and the tune—a sort of combination of a bugle call and the ending bar of a Gregorian chant—had not varied. I have not much knowledge of wind instruments, but if the exertion of blowing bears any sort of proportion to the effect produced, his exhaustion by this time must have been tremendous. I suppose it does not, for he was quite at his ease, and appeared to have only just got his second wind.

But that I may not weary the reader with uninteresting details, let me at once proceed to the grand business of the day—the Bal Masqué. M—— asserted his right of turn to make a visit of inquiry to the bureau, and was informed by the agreeable young

lady that to-night the whole of Paris would be dancing somewhere; that there were private *ordinary* balls, as distinguished from bals masqués; private bals masqués, and public bals masqués for the entertainment of the aristocracy, the middle classes, &c., &c.; whilst the lower orders would disport themselves at such places as Tivoli—Wauxhall, or gardens which correspond to our Cremorne. She further told him that cards for a private ball had been left for us by our neighbours at the table d'hôte. M——, however, replied that we had set our heart on the grand public ball at the opera house. The young lady highly applauded our decision, said we should find it the greatest fun in the world, and declared she would give her eyes to go too.

My friends were nothing loth to acquiesce in my suggestion that we should consider ourselves for the nonce good Catholics who had fasted for three weeks, and seconded my vote that we should make up for our abstinence by dining together in a *recherché* manner at the Palais Royal.

I am bound to say none of us spared the champagne, and whether it was from the exhilarating effects of the wine, or the prospect of so novel a treat, at any rate, we started off to the opera at midnight in the highest spirits. We paid ten francs each for an entrance (a lady's ticket is twelve francs, and she is not admitted unless in domino); a gentleman may either go in evening dress, unmasked, or in costume.

On entering the door which leads, by means of some steps, to the *parterre* of the theatre, a spectacle was presented to us which is hardly to be described. The pit was boarded over so as to be on a level with the stage (a

stratagem, by-the-by, which is said to have first occurred to a Carmelite friar—was he in the habit of attending this pandemonium in mask, I wonder? From what I saw, I should hardly judge it to be a suitable place for a dignitary of the church, and cannot but regard the fact of his applying his ingenuity to such a purpose, as an indication that the thoughts of the holy man were sometimes rivetted with too great an intensity on things mundane). We stood for some seconds stunned, as it were, by the sudden change from the darkness to a blaze of light, by the crash of the music after the comparative quiet outside, by the brilliancy of the scene, and the grotesque appearance of the actors. Below, where the dancers were, a variegated mass, containing every tint of the rainbow, was whirling in and out and round and round like the ever-changing pictures of a kaleidoscope, without their symmetry. Comic figures dancing fantastic *pas seuls* by themselves; nymphs in short dresses and tights, bare as to their arms, and just a trifle more *décolletées* than would perhaps come up to our English idea of what is becoming; drill military men with gilt helmets and exaggerated plumes; boatmen in picturesque jerseys; young men dressed up as ancient satyrs; Neptunes dancing with mermaids; gods with goddesses; bottle-noses and funny masks everywhere. In one quadrille party I noticed personations of Bacchus, a chimney sweep, a ghost, and a baboon. It is 'the thing' for every mask on making its *entrée* to address a few words or gestures of greeting to the company, who, if his 'get-up' pleases them, return his salutation with applause.

What struck us even more than the masks of the dancers was the

dancing. No meaningless 'walking through' the quadrilles for them, thank you! They moved with delirious joy to every single quaver of the music. It seemed impossible for them to keep still. The girls, with their arms above their heads, swayed and bent their lithe bodies with the motions of their 'twinkling feet,' their lips smiling with delight, and their eyes sparkling through their black dominos like animated diamonds upon their happy partners, who, with jumps and original capers, were equal to the occasion. The thud of the feet in concert at the occasional clashes of the band, and the little laughs of pleasure as the partners caught each other for the gallop round, gave one some idea of the earnestness of their joy. I had never before seen such universal good temper and high spirits in so large an assembly. Our own spirits caught the infection, and, I confess, an irresistible desire came over me to join in the dance myself. I felt competent to kick up my heels with the vivacity of the best of them, and was only deterred by observing that no one in evening dress was amongst the dancers. Imagining, therefore, that it was contrary to etiquette for the unmasked to do anything but look on, I restrained my saltatory desires, and resolved to say nothing about them to M—— or N——, who, I feared, would not be withheld by any such considerations.

Curiously enough, however, the same eagerness to be joining in the fun had possessed M—— and N——, without any suggestion on my part. After the next dance I saw them whispering to each other, and then M—— declared, aloud, he could stand this inactivity no longer—that he and N—— were going out to get masks—would I come, too. 'No,'

I replied, somewhat hypocritically, 'I do not care to make a fool of myself, but I have no objection to watching you two do so, and will help you to choose a costume.'

We asked a doorkeeper where we could obtain dresses; to which question he replied, shrugging his shoulders, 'that it was somewhat late in the day to be thinking of our costume—that the shops had been all shut some hours;'—as an after-thought, he added, 'that a friend of his, who dealt in such things, would probably wait upon us if we rang him up at a private door.'

We took the address, tipped him, and went our way. The mask-dealer was in; but, alas! such had been the demand for dresses that he had but one left—*that of a dragon!* I looked at the dress, and then at my friends. Would either of them have the courage to take upon him such a disguise? I asked the man how he came to make such a thing?—whether the wearer would not be calculated to strike terror, rather than love, in the heart of his partner?—whether he would be admitted at all amongst a bevy of fair damsels; or, if he were, whether he would not run the risk of some French St. George's coming and punching his head, in a fit of gallantry?

'No,' the man said, nothing of the kind was to be anticipated. A *bal masqué* was a sort of happy family, where Greeks and Trojans might meet without bloodshed—where sheep might wander with impunity amongst wolves—where fair and tempting damsels did not fear the dragon.'

He then held the dress up temptingly, and drew our attention to the manner in which the scales of the beast (formed of pieces of tinsel-paper) glittered in

the gas-light. He assured us, on his honour, that the only reason it had not been sold already was that the tail was a little inconvenient for dancing, but that we should find it a becoming dress, and uncommonly taking with the *jolies petites*.

My friends, on hearing this, declared they had no objection to it at all, and immediately tossed up a sou to decide who should be the happy dragon. The lot fell to M——, who speedily donned it.

'The dress is not complete without this head-piece of horns, and a mask,' said the man; 'but I do not recommend the mask—you will find it hot and troublesome. I will paint your face, instead: it will be equally effective; the colour is easily removed by a little soap and water.'

This was soon accomplished, and was so effective as to terrify me. Indeed, I was not sorry that I was not alone with M—— in the cab that drove us back, for the way was dark, and the occasional gleam of a gas-lamp revealed a visage and appearance that I have always associated with that of the foul fiend himself. Fortunately, M—— possesses none of that self-consciousness which would have spoiled my pleasure under the same circumstances. His *entrée* into the arena of masks was hailed with approval; and in a few minutes—having secured a prettily-dressed Swiss milkmaid for his partner—he was dancing as energetically as any one in the room.

N——, though baulked of his costume, was not disposed to remain a mere spectator. He proposed a visit to the *foyer* where, as he had been given to understand, all the quiet flirting was carried on. I assented, and we entered a large hall whose appearance, were it not for the

smiles, the animated chattering, and the occasional peals of mirth, would have been very lugubrious. With a few exceptions every one was in black. The gentlemen in plain evening clothes, the ladies in black dresses, hoods, and dominos. The latter is a most effective mask, and by no means a becoming one—it would spoil the most beautiful eyes in the world. The ladies in the 'Foyer' are strictly incognito, and known only to their friends by a small shred of coloured ribbon or silk in their dress. They are mostly ladies who have come, escorted by gentlemen, to see the fun, or to mingle in it themselves. The spirit of intrigue pervades the whole of this chamber, and laughter-loving Aphrodite reigns supreme. Badi-nage of all sorts passes continually between men and masks, and masonic signs of an amatory nature are shot from eye to eye.

I was intent on making these observations, when, turning round to speak to N——, I found he was no longer by my side. I walked back a few steps, and discovered him sitting on a *fauteuil*, talking, as glibly as his broken French permitted him, with a lady, who, contrary to the general rule, was dressed entirely in white; her dress was of white satin, her shoes, her silk hood, and her mask. 'La véritable Dame Blanche!'* as a young Frenchman at my side remarked. A sweetly smiling lip, a dimpled chin, flashing teeth, and a graceful figure were sufficient to show that she was a very lovely woman, and I was able to gather from the murmurs around me that my friend was considered a happy man. I do not know how N—— introduced himself; perhaps the

* 'La Dame Blanche' is the name of a popular operetta that was being performed at that time at the Opera Comique.

acquaintance originated by the masonic signs spoken of above; at any rate he was now on the best of terms with her. The lady had only just come, and soon a little bevy was collected round them. 'Have you seen "La Dame Blanche?"' No! Let us come, then, and see her,' was what I heard on all sides.

I began to feel a little lonely on the *fauteuil* all to myself. Perhaps, in my heart of hearts, I was sorry that I had not a dragon's costume, like M——'s, or a 'white lady' to talk to, like N——. I do not think it was jealousy, but I now began to consider that all this was not right. My friends were three years' younger than I, fresh from the cloisters of Oxford, and inexperienced in matters of the world. Was it not my duty to expostulate with them on the troubles into which these intrigues might lead them? Below, in the *parterre* was M——, 'kicking up behind and before,' like the 'old Joe' of nigger celebrity; above, in the *foyer* was N——, making love to a mysterious white lady!

I looked towards the seat where the latter were sitting. Why, great heavens! Three French gentlemen approach and address her. Perhaps her husband and two brothers! . . . She hides her face with her fan. . . . She is blushing at detection. . . . How will it end? . . . What will poor N—— do? . . . With the utmost sangfroid he is putting the three men aside, and whispering in his partner's ear. What madness! He has been taking more champagne, unknown to me! . . . The thing will end in a duel! . . . No!—the Frenchmen laugh. . . . One of them kneels to her. . . . N—— kneels, too. . . . Why, they are making a public declaration of love to her, one against the other!

. . . I can hear N——'s passionate appeal, half in English half in French. . . . The Parisian is defeated! . . . 'La Dame Blanche' gives N—— her hand. . . . He kisses it! . . . The people round applaud. . . . He leads her off in triumph to supper!

'Thank heaven we are quite unknown here!' I ejaculated fervently, as I wiped my forehead and heaved a sigh of relief at the narrow escape I imagined I had had, of becoming a second in a disagreeable affair.

'Bon soir, Monsieur X——!' exclaimed a voice at my side.

I started, as though I had been shot. A lady in black, and very closely masked, was sitting by me, and seemed preparing for a *tête-à-tête*.

'Bon soir, madame!' I replied; and then a conversation took place in French, of which the following is a pretty accurate translation:

'You are envying your lucky friend with the "Dame Blanche,"—is not this?' she asked.

'No,' I replied. 'But how did you know he was my friend? Have you seen him with me? or have I had the honour of meeting you before anywhere?'

'I have seen him with you, but I knew before. You must know I am a *sorcière*, and know everything!'

'In verity? Then can you tell fortunes?'

'Certainly. Shall I tell yours?'

'I should like to have faith in you first. Can you tell things that *are*—that *have* happened already, for instance?'

'In some cases.'

'Then tell me a little about myself.'

'Give me your hand.' She took it in hers, which were small and as white as milk. (I began to feel less lonely than when I was watching N——.)

'You are twenty-four years old, *par exemple*. Your birthday was the day before yesterday.'

'True,' I said, in amazement; 'quite true.'

'You are not engaged.'

'No.'

'You live at Scarborough.'

'Yes.'

'Your sister lives there. You are extremely fond of your sister.'

'Yes,' I replied, in still greater amazement. I happen to be far fonder of my sister than is usual. We are twins, which perhaps accounts for it. I am not, I need hardly say, a believer in necromancy; and the mention of this particular circumstance by one whom I had never, to my knowledge, seen before, puzzled me extremely.

'How long have I been in Paris?' I asked.

'A fortnight.'

'Where am I staying?'

'At the Hotel de C——, near the Arc de Triomphe.'

'Tell me the number of my room, and I will believe in you. . . .'

'That finds itself more difficult,' she said, smiling. 'Let me look into your eyes.'

She looked into my eyes. I felt uncommonly like Uncle Toby when the widow Wadman did the same thing to him. She still held my hand in hers.

'Thirty-eight!' she cried, after a pause.

'You are indeed a sorceress,' I replied. 'Now for my fortune.'

'I can only give you the general circumstances. The particulars keep themselves secret. You are rich, and will be richer. You will marry one who has not much money, but it will be a very happy marriage.'

'Thank you,' I replied; 'that is quite enough. Do not spoil it by any prophecy of evil.'

'There is my friend, who is coming to take me to supper,' she said. 'You will come too; is not this?'

I accepted the invitation with pleasure. The friend was a merry, jovial fellow; and I have never enjoyed a supper more.

'It is only fair you should take off your mask at supper,' I said to the mysterious lady. 'All the world does that. Besides, it is evident that you know me; and I am most curious, I confess, to know who you are.'

'I would not take it off on any account,' she answered.

'Nor tell me who you are?'

'Nor tell you who I am.'

'Then I must rest content,' I replied; and her *chaperone* began to talk about the 'Dame Blanche,' whom it seemed no one could identify.

It was about four o'clock when we returned to the ball-room.

'Let us see how your friend monsieur the dragon, carries himself,' said the lady.

'Why, you know everything!' I cried.

Others besides ourselves had taken supper. We found the hilarity amongst the dancers extreme. The 'Cancan' was raging furiously. Those who had pretty faces had discarded their dominos altogether. Weary nymphs reclined on the benches and against the wall.

But where was M——? It was some time before I could find him; and when I did, alas!

'How wert thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning?'

In the first place, he had found his tail so great a burden that, at the suggestion (as I afterwards heard) of the company, he had cut it short, and now presented a similar appearance to that of a dog or cat who has been caught

in a trap. In the second place, his scales of tinsel-paper had almost all come off, and he now looked as unhealthy and demoralized a dragon as one would wish to see. In the third place, the perspiration on his face had smeared the paint into a confused red and yellow tint very ghastly to look upon.

We were bemoaning the dragged condition of this once *débonnaire* monster when we were saluted by N——, who asked us in a piteous tone if we had seen 'La Dame Blanche.' It seems she had left him like a flash of lightning, and was nowhere to be found. From the dazed look of my friend's face I rather think he suspected something supernatural with regard to the mysterious lady and her more mysterious disappearance.

My companion and her friend now bade me good-night, and as the ball closed at five, we summoned M——, who was nearly dead with fatigue, and returned to our hotel.

* * * * *

I did not get up the next morning (or, rather, the *same* morning) till twelve o'clock. I called on my way to breakfast at the bureau to ask if there were any letters for me. The young lady was not at her post, but as I knew that she kept the letters concealed beneath her book of figures, I ventured to lift the ponderous volume. I found there—not a letter—but a domino! . . . the domino of the *petite sorcière* who had told my fortune a few hours ago! I knew it at once by a tear on one side.

As I was standing with the mask in my hand, its owner entered. She looked first at the domino, and then at me, and started—and then blushed.

I felt a guilty thing. 'I hope you will not think me very inquisitive,' I faltered. 'I found this quite by accident. I was looking for a letter . . .'

'How careless of me to leave it about,' she replied, stamping her foot. 'However, you have found me out.'

'Yes. How stupid of me not to have guessed before.'

'Not stupid at all. You have never come here to talk to me. Your friends would have known my voice directly.' She said this rather reproachfully, I thought.

'But Monsieur N—— was with us at the last?'

'I did not speak after he came, and left almost directly afterwards.'

'Do you wish me to keep it a secret?'

'Ah! *n'importe*,' she said, smiling, and with a coquettish shrug of the shoulders; 'I am not ashamed of it. My brother knew I wished to go, and came in the evening and brought me a domino, and took me under his protection. It was capital fun, was it not?'

'I enjoyed it immensely. But how came you to know so much about me?—that it was my birthday the day before yesterday, for instance?'

'Because you gave your friends champagne at dinner, and they wished you "Many happy returns of the day."'

'What made you think I was very fond of my sister?'

'Because your letter yesterday to her required double postage. You must be very fond of your sister to write such a long letter to her in Paris, where there is so much to do.'

'You are very clever indeed!' I replied. 'But I fear the fortune you were kind enough to foretell for me will not come true. I am not rich, as you said.'

'The wish was father to the

thought, monsieur,' she replied, making me a curtsy.

She made it so prettily that I took her hand. 'May I tell you *your* fortune?' I asked.

'Merci bien! Mais non!' she cried, drawing her hand away. 'We are no longer at the bal masqué. Allons! Do you not see that Mi-Carême is over and it is Lent again?'

Mademoiselle was right;—we had had our fun, and it was time to put by the toys. Here, too, is the postman with a letter telling me I must be back to my work in England earlier than I expected.

Well! we have had a pleasant trip, and our work will be all the better for it. M——, who is to be a surgeon, will walk his hospital with more energetic strides for having danced as a dragon: N——, who is going to the bar, will read his Blackstone with a clearer head for his escapade with 'La Dame Blanche.' Mademoiselle is already adding up her rows of figures with renewed vigour after her frolic; and I hope *my* work will not prove worse for a harmless flirtation with an unknown domino.

UNION JACK.



SELF-EVIDENT.

'... But you must admit that a fellow in an ordinary hat, and black clothes, always looks like a gentleman.'

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

FLYING, flying, flying,
Flash of waving white,
Youth dips o'er the horizon
In his purple light.
Cry and cry out on him—
But we ne'er shall see
Youth again beside us,
Wheresoe'er we be.

He is gone, and with him
All his spangled throng;
Hopes and high illusions,
Sunshine, star, and song;—
Waking dreams of glory;
Moonlight reverie;
All our fancy fashion'd;
All that could not be.

Favours of the Muses,
Blossoms of the spring,
Freshness of the morning,
All have taken wing:
Gone our Spanish castles,
Lakes, and magic isles;
And, for maiden kisses,
We can scarce win smiles.

Forth, then, O my comrades!
Forth, and seek him now:
Pilgrims old and batter'd,
We must take the vow.
Life and love without him
Vapid are and vain:—
Round the world we'll chase him,
Round, and back again.

Flying, flying, flying,
Flash of waving white,
Youth dips o'er the horizon,
Far beyond our sight!
We can scarce conjecture
What or where he is;—
If through Heaven roving,
Or the Antipodes.

Grey, and blind, and batter'd,
Yet we ne'er abate
Hope we may regain him
Ere it be too late.
And when Age o'ertaking
Lays us on the shelf,
We, perhaps, shall find him—
Old and gray himself.

F. J. PALGRAVE.



Drawn by H. Johnson

"MEN WERE DECEIVED BY"

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

FLYING, flying, flying,
Flash of waving white,
Youth dips o'er the horizon
In his purple light,
Glees and cry out on him—
But we ne'er shall see
Youth again beside us,
Where'er we be.

He is gone, and with him
All his spangled throng,
Hopes and high illusions,
Sunshine, star, and song;—
Waking dreams of glory,
Moonlight reveries;
All our fancy fashion'd,
All that could not be.

Favours of the Muses,
Blossoms of the garden,
Fountains of the mountains,
All have faded; while
Gone the radiant roses,
Lilies, and many a flower;
And, for summer home,
We can scarce find a bower.

Back, then, to sea and shore,
Track, and seek him, gone;
Till we find him, and know,
We must take the view,
Late and late without him,
Faded are and vain;—
Round the world we'll chase him,
Round, and back again.

Flying, flying, flying,
Flash of waving white,
Youth dips o'er the horizon,
Far beyond our sight;
We can scarce conjecture
What or where he is;
If through Heaven roving,
Or the Antipodes.

Grey, and blind, and hoarse,
Yet we ne'er abate
Hope we may regain him
Ere it be too late.
And when Age o'ertaking
Lays us on the shelf,
We, perhaps, shall find him—
Old and gray himself.

E. J. PAGGERAVE.



Drawn by H. Johnson.]

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER!"



A FIGHT FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

I SAT at breakfast one autumn morning, lazily sipping my coffee and trying to solve a problem that completely eclipsed the *pons asinorum*. Certainly that hated-of-schoolboys-and-frequent-floggings-and-tasks-producing-proposition never caused me half the perplexity the one I was now cogitating did. The morning paper lay uncut across my knee, the rolls had gone cold; the sunshine came in through the open window, bringing with it the scent of the late roses; and across the road and adjacent meadows came the shouts of the harvestmen gathering in the last loads of wheat from the distant corn-fields. Yet I was blind to the fair prospect that was visible from the window of my pretty suburban lodging, and opened out in the clear, fresh air of the morning, and stretched for miles on miles; green meadows, yellow stubbles, red farmhouses, and woods already touched with the marvellous colours laid on so lavishly and yet harmoniously by the master hand of autumn; bounded by the distant line of hills over which hung the rounded outline of the Wrekin, only distinguishable from a cloud by its immovability. Many and oft were the hours I had spent in watching and drinking in all the beauty of earth and tree and sky; and why not on this particular morning. The immediate cause lay in two letters that lay on the table. One had a narrow pink envelope of that elongated form so much affected by the fair sex. The other was an unmistakable business letter,

addressed in a clerky hand to William Herbert, Esq., Paradise Place, Metaltown.

Place aux Dames.

'MY DEAREST WILLIE,

* * * 'And I really don't see that we need be in any hurry to be married. We have only been engaged a year. You are only twenty-two, and I am but nineteen; so we are quite young enough to wait some time longer yet. Although grandma is a little queer, yet I can bear with her easily when I think of the great happiness that is in store for us *some time*. Certainly, dear, we might manage it, as you are so impatient, if, when your uncle's will is opened, you have the 30*l*. annuity you expect; but if you don't get it, your salary of 120*l*. is rather small to manage with. I think, darling, we had better wait a bit. Am I not a terribly worldly wise little thing?' &c., &c.

This letter was signed 'Mary.'

Of course I had read her letter first, and had inwardly resolved upon overcoming her fears and getting married offhand. But the second letter put a damper on my hopes. It was from my uncle's solicitor, and ran thus:

'DEAR SIR,

'The six months your deceased relative directed his will to be kept sealed were up yesterday, and the will was read by me before several of his relatives. I am desired to make you acquainted with the contents, and enclose you copy of will. You will see that, contrary to our expecta-

tions, the will, which your uncle himself made, and kept sealed even from me, does not leave you a penny. I am astonished at this unaccountable conduct, and am grieved at your disappointment.

'I am, sir, yours, faithfully,
' J. H. PROCTOR.'

My bright hopes were banished, and it was with a sorrowful heart that I came to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but to wait as patiently as possible. Suddenly awakening to the fact that I was half an hour late for the office, I hastened townwards, inwardly praying that my principal, a large contractor, had not arrived. As soon as I entered, however, the chief clerk said to me, 'Mr. Herbert, you are wanted in Mr. Heywood's room.' I hurried in, feeling defiantly careless of the expected reprimand.

'Good morning, Mr. Herbert. You are late.'

'I have had unwelcome news, sir, and forgot how the time was passing.' And I told him as much as I thought proper. After some discursive talk, he said,

'I have been well pleased with your business tact and energy, Mr. Herbert, and have sent for you now to undertake a rather ticklish matter. Oblige me by listening while I put you in possession of the facts.'

'You know we have discontinued working the Lleydem brickfields; and it appears that our late manager has allowed the royalty to Earl — to fall into arrears for two years. Last week a distraint was made on the premises, and the engine that used to run on our branch line, and was lying in the shed, has been seized and sold for about a quarter of its value. The purchaser has run it a little up the line

off our land, and taken up the rails behind it to prevent its being taken back. Now, I consider that such a distress is illegal, and am determined to seek the remedy known in the law as "reception." I do not care for the bother of a replevin action. Now, I want you to go to Lleydem and see how the land lies, and then take as many men as you want from the My-nedd lead-mines, together with horses, and pull the engine on to the main line after the night-mail has passed, and take her with all haste to Nantygolyn Station in time to meet the up luggage-train at 2.30 in the morning. You will then attach the engine to the train and bring her here. Here is the necessary permit to authorize you to stop the train, and a letter to the captain of the mine. If, as is quite possible, you meet with resistance, refrain from using any more force than is necessary. I wish to avoid any fighting. If you conduct this matter successfully it is quite probable I may raise your salary, for I have been well satisfied with your conduct in the office. Are you sure that you perfectly comprehend my instructions?'

I withdrew to make the necessary preparations and cogitate about my anticipated good fortune, and the strange service I was engaged upon. It had all the charm of adventure, for I was not so sanguine as to hope that such a proceeding could be taken entirely without resistance. I determined to say nothing about it to Mary, lest she should be alarmed. I wrote her a short note, saying that I should be away on important business for the next two or three days, and urging her to keep a good heart, as I might have some good news to tell her when we next met.

CHAPTER II.

I alighted at Nantygolyn Station, and engaged a room at the sole inn the village boasts of. It was still early in the evening, and I started after dinner to walk as far as Lleydem, a distance of about two miles, to reconnoitre. The road ran along the hill-side nearly all the way. A shower had laid the dust, and the wet foliage of the trees that clung to the rock on my right hand, and overhung the path, gleamed brightly in the dying light. Far down on my left ran the brawling river, just coloured with the rain, and from all about arose the soft steam from the moistened earth, speaking eloquently in its grave-like odour of the sad end of the year that was coming so quickly. Autumn is pleasant enough amid the gardens of Kent, but very sad is it among the hills. The trees are stunted, and the leaves soon flutter slowly downward from their baring branches; and those who have only heard the musical sighing of the wind through the trees of a lowland landscape can have no conception of the weird-like feeling that steals over us as we listen to the sighing of the gale among the swaying and creaking boughs of the mountain pines and birches, and its fiercer shriek as it sweeps up the ravines and over the desolate moor. The wind was rising, laden with occasional showers, as I reached the brickfield. The state of affairs was worse than I had imagined. The engine had been left on an exposed part of the line, and where there was a sharp curve, causing the outside rail to be much higher than the other. Inclining at such a sharp angle, it had been exposed to the full fury of a recent gale, which, catching it at so great a disadvantage, had

tilted it completely over, and it now lay on its side on the embankment, with the hindmost wheels, however, resting on, or only partly off, the rails. It was a small and very light engine, and had been originally intended for the Crimea.

It was a wild and lonely place where the brickyard was situated. It was just where the moorland commenced, and where there was nothing to interrupt the eye as it roamed over the purple flat, strangely lit up in places by crimsoning gleams and patches of golden brown as the light of the stormy sunset was reflected from the surface of a pool, or shone on a lighter ground of dead rushes and ling. Beyond all was a long grey line, which could not be mistaken for anything but what it was—the bonny, open sea. If you listened intently you could even catch, borne on the wind, the faint roar of the surf on the flat sandy shore.

Nothing could be done that night, and on the morrow I mounted a sorry animal which mine host called a saddle-horse, and rode off to the mines to bespeak the services of a dozen men and three horses—all they had to spare—for eight o'clock that night, and then back to the station to put all right with the station-master. To disarm suspicion I took a rod and made my way down to the now swollen stream. Few fish were there in it, for the deadly water from the mines had played sad havoc with the finny tribe. More time was passed in reverie than in fishing, and tender memories of the past mingled strangely with dreams of the future. How happy Mary and I could be in a little cottage *ornée* I had had my eye upon, and which I knew was to be had at a low rent. How pleasant to hurry home from busi-

ness, and find a bright face to welcome me with a kiss and a bonny smile instead of my lonely bachelor rooms. Ah, me! would it ever come to pass, I wondered. Surely it must some day; and yet, somehow, I could *not* look hopefully forward. Perhaps it was the lowering weather and the dull, spiritless air that everybody wore that depressed me; and it was absurd: yet I felt as if I were going to be hanged, or meet with some serious accident in this midnight abduction I was engaged in. Vainly trying to shake off the feeling, I retraced my steps to the inn.

At eight o'clock it was already quite dark. When I reached the bank over the line I saw that the men, by the light of lanterns, had rigged up a temporary crane, and were tugging away at the ropes, trying to raise the fallen engine, and prizing away with levers and screw-jacks, working quietly and well. Most of them were brawny Englishmen, imported by Mr. Heywood; the rest were Welshmen, smaller made, but wiry and strong. Steadily the work went on under my directions, and all the while a soft, unpleasant drizzle gradually soaked us through and through. The wind was fitful, and many and mysterious were the sounds that it brought out of the glens. It moaned dismally through the pine woods, showing that the spirit of the storm was abroad, and ere long would be upon us in all its savageness. Suddenly a form flitted by, then another and another, and three strange men passed by the engine and vanished in the gloom. Other eyes were as quick as mine, and saw them. We instinctively knew that they were the vanguard of the enemy, and that soon we might expect opposition. As we

afterwards learnt, one of the men at the mine had not been able to keep the secret from his Delilah.

'Look sharp, lads, and get her on the line before they come,' I cried, and lent a hand to the ropes myself. At last, with a thud, she was righted, and then the screw-jacks were again applied to lift her properly on the rails. This was done without interruption. The horses were harnessed to, and she began to move merrily enough, though a rattling noise inside made it evident that some of her machinery was broken. I was beginning to hope we might soon gain the main line, about half a mile away, when over the bank there came some twenty or thirty men and lads. The wheels were scotched before we could prevent it. They harnessed a couple of horses and half a dozen donkeys to the other end of the engine. Two tar-barrels they had brought with them were set alight, and blazed furiously, affording plenty of light. I warned my men not to have recourse to violence, and in this I was seconded by the leader of the opposite side, who was, in fact, the purchaser of the engine.

'It shall be a fair fight,' he said. 'Let us see which can pull the hardest now, and you take your chance in the law afterwards.'

By mutual consent we unscotched the wheels, and the tournament began. First one party gained a few yards, then the other. The animals lugged their very hardest, aided by the men. The Englishmen were the strongest, although the fewest in number, but the incline was in favour of the Welshmen, and at first it seemed as if they would triumph and drag the engine back to where the rails were broken up. No blows passed between us, and the good humour shown by every one

surprised me very much. I felt that I was losing patience, and must have some hand in it, so took up a lever, and, inserting it behind a wheel, strove to urge it onward. My friend the commander-in-chief of the enemy did the same, but in an opposite direction. What was to be done? Things must rapidly end in a free fight. Nobody's patience could stand it much longer. The sons of Cambria in particular were becoming excited, and one or two stones had already struck the engine, thrown by some outsider in the darkness. The mail had passed some time ago, and the luggage-train was nearly due. If the struggle continued much longer the neighbourhood would be aroused, and we should stand no chance. At all risks the engine must be carried away before daylight. As soon as one side gained an advantage the wheels were scotched by the other, and a dead-lock seemed inevitable. A bright idea struck me, and, abandoning my lever, I went up to the overseer of the mine, who was working as hard as any of them, and asked him who was the best runner among the men.

'There will be none as good as you, sir; and they be all tired with this pulley-hauley work.'

'Well, then, I'm off to Nantygolyn Station; and I'll come back with the engine of the luggage-train. Do you see? Look to the points at the junction.'

'Capital, sir!' exclaimed he, as I turned and dashed over the bank and into the narrow road. I had scarcely got out of the glare of the fire when I was roughly collared by somebody. As he was evidently not a friend, and there was no time for explanation, even if I wished to give any, I placed my hand over his shoulder and my arm under his chin, and

with a sudden wrench, taught me by a Welsh collier, forced his head back, and left him half insensible on the ground.

That was a run!—along a rutty, stony road, and the night, or rather morning, pitch dark. It was tolerably good running that covered the two miles in a quarter of an hour, and I was thoroughly puffed as I got into the station. The train had been waiting a few minutes, and, although it was exceeding my power, I took the responsibility on myself of detaching the engine and going forward along the line. The junction was soon reached, a lantern held up showed us that all was clear, and we steamed slowly up to the engine. Both parties had drawn off their forces, and were sitting and standing in groups a little apart, while rude chaff was freely interchanged. The firelight cast long and wavering shadows around, and made the outer darkness look blacker and more impenetrable than ever. The rain still came steadily down and hissed on the blazing fires, while the wet ground was trodden ankle deep in mud.

Such a yell arose, after the first astonished silence, from our opponents, answered back by a ringing cheer from my men. The cattle were quickly unloosened and ridden off out of the way by three men. The ropes were quickly transferred to the big engine; and in the midst of a general *mêlée* the two locomotives moved slowly off, dragging their horses and donkeys backwards. Seeing the uselessness of employing brute force against steam, they cut their ropes, and we moved triumphantly off, followed by a volley of oaths and stones. One of the latter struck me on the cheek, laying it open and knocking me back on the coals in the tender. It was as much

as I could do to restrain my men from jumping off and charging them.

Well, that is how I fought for and won the locomotive. I do not know, good reader, if you will want to know any more. In

case you do, I may say that my salary was raised considerably. Mary decided to take the risks of a married life on a still small income; and, so far, we have had no reason to repent taking such an important step.

A SONG OF LIFE.

I LEFT my love in the homeland dear,
And oh ! my heart was dreary !
I wandered alone by rivers clear,
And the sedgy banks of the sluggish mere,
Aweary and aweary !

I heard the wayside minstrel sing,
And oh ! my heart was dreary !
I heard the convent vespers ring,
But peace they ne'er to my soul could bring,
Aweary and aweary !

I paced mirth's halls, ablaze with light,
But oh ! my heart was dreary !
I turned me from the soulless sight,
And wept out in the starry night,
Aweary and aweary !

I thought of my love at break of day,
And oh ! my heart was dreary !
For ah ! he was miles and miles away,
And his sweet farewell on my sad heart lay,
Aweary and aweary !

* * * * *

A dove was away from its homeland long
And oh ! its heart was dreary !
But now it is safe from the world's wild throng
Safe by a bosom that's true and strong ;
And never again will its low, sweet song,
Be weary and aweary !

AN OCTAVE OF FRIENDS.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

III.

THE VESPA.

DO you know the Vespas?

They are warm-hearted people and wonderfully loyal friends. Indeed I never knew any people with such an immense idea of the duties of friendship as they have. They take up every one's cause as their own, and are as eager for their friend's honour as if they were personally interested in maintaining his ermine without stain. Between ourselves I think they are just a little too ready to see slights where none were meant, and to make mischief, quite unintentionally, in consequence. They are always telling you that you owe it to yourself to take up this, and to resent that; and that you ought to show people you are not to be trifled with, and that you understand your own value, and know what is due to you. And the odd part of it is, they quarrel with you themselves if you will not quarrel with others.

Now there was that matter of Tom Truepenny. I do not think he meant to affront me, and I never shall think so; but the Vespas said he did, and that I ought to take it up. Why should I? If he liked to marry secretly, and not tell me for three months after, why should I resent his reticence? He had his reasons; I was sure of that; and so I said; but the Vespas insisted on it that I should cut him dead. Poor dear Tom, that I loved like my own brother! And when I said 'no,' and stood for his eldest as I had always promised to do, my high-spirited friends cut me for a

twelvemonth, and told every one I was such a sneak they really could not countenance me any longer.

If they are not backward in pushing their friends into hot water, the Vespas are always boiling kettles on their own account. They make life a perpetual kind of triangular duel, with a change of combatants as occasion demands; but always the duel. You never know who is who with them, for the bosom friends of yesterday will probably be their deadly enemies to-day, and unless you are duly posted you are apt to make awkward mistakes. And they quarrel for such absurd trifles too. If a party is given and they are not invited, there is sure to be a coolness, then a flounce, next a snap, and last a quarrel. If, a myoptic friend, or a pre-occupied one, passes them without seeing them, the whole battery of kettles is on the fire together, and the supply of hot water is unlimited. Lord! the turmoil there was last season because the Turner Vanes gave a grand dinner and did not invite the Vespas or myself! They said it was a slight, an insult, a cut direct, and that we must take it up at once. They did not mind so much for themselves, they said, as for me; and in fact they would take it up chiefly on my account, and show the Turner Vanes they would not have a dear friend, as I was, slighted and insulted. Now I did not want to take it up. I hate taking things up; so much better let them alone! I do not

expect to be asked every time my friends give dinner parties. Even the Turner Vases, rich as they are, have but a limited amount of dining-table; and some one must be left out, so why not I as well as another? When I said all this to the Vespas, I thought they would have annihilated me on the spot; and to this day I can see Mrs. Vespa's bright black eyes flash as she tossed her head over her left shoulder, and said to her husband the Major; 'I think, John, we have no further business here.' And they hadn't, for many a day after.

The Vespas are a large family, and scarcely a month passes without some deadly disagreement among themselves; in which they expect their friends to take part. If they do, they have cause to remember the old proverb about the bark and the tree; for when the family quarrel comes to an end, as it is sure to do sooner or later, both sides fall on any unwary interloper who may have been about, and whether he has trimmed between both, or made himself a partisan of one, his certain doom is sacrifice. He is the victim offered up to the genius of renewed concord, and the whole family can never too loudly reprobate his interference. It is a difficult position for friends; for what can you do when, on some sudden unloosing of those waters of strife of which the Vespas can always command such overwhelming cascades, the Colonel says, loftily: 'If you continue on good terms with my cousin the Major, I shall consider it a direct insult to myself; and you know how I have always stood by you;' and, ten minutes after, the Major, and the Major's wife, simply propound their ultimatum: 'Ourselves or the Colonel; you cannot keep both.'

What are you to do? You like both sides as much as you can like a Vespa; that is, with an effort to remember their good qualities; you have been on occasionally pleasant terms with both, if with many frequent skirmishes intervening; why then should you be dragged by the hair of your head into a dispute which will be smoothed over before a month is out? You know quite well that the thing has no vitality, and as little reason; and that the only one to suffer in the end will be yourself. But there you are, in a cleft stick; and your only way of escape is on to one or other of the two horns presented to you. And they are so eager to reckon their partisans that even a sympathetic look, or an attitude of interested attention while they are detailing their wrongs, is taken up and counted for gain; so if you have sympathetic looks for both, and an attitude of interested attention impartially assumed, you will be set down as a hypocrite and timeserver, deceitful and double dealing, and you will have both your friends on you at once, claiming you in concert. 'Did you not say that I had been badly treated?' cries one. 'Did you not agree with me as to the horrible injustice of that person?' shouts another. 'You know you took my part when you called on me,' says Mrs. Vespa with the flashing black eyes. 'What! do you deny that you confessed your sympathies went with me?' scornfully asks another Mrs. Vespa, with a look that withers you as you stand. The saints protect you! you are in for it without reprieve when the Vespas quarrel among themselves, and either appeal to you for sympathy during the process, or fling you over when they have made up!

Very painful is a family dinner

at the Vespas, when they do not think it necessary to put on the curb. Mr. Vespa snubs Mrs. Vespa, and she snaps him; and they all jangle together with the most profound indifference to your presence. Or, if they remember you, it is only to appeal to you and insist on your giving your verdict, and saying plainly who is right and who is wrong. And they are not to be satisfied with anything but a plumper. You may try and temporize, and weakly endeavour to please both sides, feeling indeed that it is an impertinence on your part to assume the office of judge between them; but the Vespas don't understand shilly shally they tell you, and half measures do not go down with them.

'Who is right?'

You might as well take the plunge gallantly, and at first as well as at last; and my advice is—go in for the wife. Always in all conjugal quarrels stick to the wife. In the end she is sure to have her own way; and while she can retain you on her visiting list if you offend the husband, he cannot keep you if you offend her, and she makes up her mind to pitch you out of the house. Besides, it really makes very little difference whose side you take, as a question of justice. They are both so sure to be wrong there is not the thickness of a hair to choose between them; and they are both so sure to quarrel again, that you will gain at least a certain feeling of stability if you elect under which flag you will be made uncomfortable and suffer vicariously for offences in which you have had no part. It is as well to understand that friendship with the Vespas means discomfort and dissension, now with others and now with themselves; and that you might as well attempt to make

a wasp's nest into an arm-chair as keep peaceful days and a cheerful unconcern of trifles, when your warm-hearted but irritable friends take things up, either for you or for themselves.

IV.

THE BROTHERS DOWNRIGHT.

Ruffe Downright and his brother Plaine are about the most remarkable men of my acquaintance. They are both 'men in their own right,' they say, and owe no allegiance to conventionalities of any kind. Each despises in his own way certain fundamental graces of modern life, and both make it their boast that they do so. Ruffe breaks his lance against the humbug of manners, Plaine couches his against the humbug of opinions; and there are no lengths to which they will not go in their favourite attempts to bring society into the ways of simplicity and truth. Ruffe will go to the finest evening party in a frock coat and muddy boots; I have met him thus scores of times, and I confess, with all my respect for his talents, I have been a little ashamed of him. He asks his friends to dinner, and he gives them, literally, 'a joint and a pudding.'

'You see I make no fuss with you,' he says complacently. 'Simplicity, plenty, and a hearty welcome—that is my motto; and those who do not like my hospitality can stay away.'

We want some one, he argues, to set a good example and discountenance the excessive luxury of the day. So we do; but for all that we do not go out to dine off boiled mutton, or steak and fried onions; and when we give a full-dress party we do not want one of our guests to appear in muddy boots and a frock coat, by way of protest against our own patent

leathers and diamond studs. Neither do we want to hear one of our friends boast of doing things out of the line of the rest of our guests; as Ruffe is so fond of doing. For instance, at my house the other night I heard him—in his muddy boots—boast to my Lady Fineairs how he always travels third class, and what an amusing place the knife-board is.

Very true to fact, and honest enough in Ruffe, I dare say; but when I saw the look which Lady Fineairs gave, first to Ruffe and then to myself, I could not help wishing he had kept his experiences to himself. There was no earthly necessity, so far as I could see, to take that most conventional of all women into his confidence on a first introduction. I really do not think it amused her; while, naturally, she classed me with my friend and measured us together; and I am bound to believe that the result was not satisfactory. For I met her in the Park yesterday when she evidently would not see me, and I distinctly heard her say to her companion: 'A perfectly impossible set, my dear; no better than so many gorillas!'

It was mortifying, to say the least of it; but when I hinted to Ruffe the price I had had to pay for his 'simplicity,' he laughed till his sides ached, so he said, and told the thing as a good joke everywhere.

'To think of my having frightened my Lady Fineairs by the knife-board!' he said, and laughed again. 'Lord! what fools folks are!'

Granted; but one looks at the folly of mankind a little more leniently, perhaps, when one has to pay the piper for teaching them wisdom, or rather for proving their foolishness to be foolish. Ruffe

doesn't think of that. He has no piper to pay, having long ago divested himself of that conventional appendage; but he has no bashfulness about his friends' money-boxes, and the black mail his iconoclasm levies on them!

Plaine does the same kind of thing in another line. Plaine is irrepressible on the score of intellectual truth. He is afraid of no conclusions to which his premises may logically lead him he says; and no man's prejudices sway or daunt him: which is dignified and courageous for his own part, but embarrassing for his friends.

Plaine is emphatically a free thinker, and believes in nothing that he cannot prove. You have no objection to his scepticism, so far as your own sense of rightful toleration goes; but you would rather he did not parade it at all times and seasons as he does. He has more than once done me an ill turn by his intellectual emancipation, and honesty of speech to correspond. I am certain he was the cause of that odd misunderstanding which crept in between young Chasuble, the Bishop's eldest son, and my poor girl. Chasuble and Maria were engaged; and you may be sure I was glad at the prospect of seeing one of my daughters so comfortably settled. It was a good match in every point of view; and the child liked him, independently of his prospective shovel hat. Plaine met me in Kensington Gardens walking with my two turtle doves; and greeted me and Maria in his old way of cordial familiarity. He is very cordial in his manners; has a habit of saying 'dear' very frequently; and his voice is loud. He turned back with us, and showed his footing in my family by the free and easy way in which he spoke to me and the unconventional affectionate-

ness of his tone to Maria. My future son-in-law, who was proud and fastidious, and singularly reserved, not to say cold, in manner, looked on. Plaine turned the conversation on to religion. He always does when a clergyman is present; as his protest. Before we had gone a hundred yards he had launched his whole cargo of negations. A personal Providence, an immortal soul, revealed religion, moral responsibility, a spiritual state, a sacerdotal class—he had demolished them all; but he warmed into almost eloquence on the theory of Force; and when he came to the protoplasm and to the ‘Descent of Man,’ after Darwin, he was so urgent in the cause that the passers-by stared, while some stood still to listen, as to a street preacher. My future son-in-law heard him to the end in profound silence, not deigning the smallest reply. When he had finished, he coldly and politely wished us good day; and soon after there sprang up something, I cannot tell what—a strange intangible coldness—a queer misunderstanding—that, do what I would, I could never put straight; and in the end the engagement was broken off, and poor Maria had to be sent to Madeira: whence she never returned.

I found out afterwards that both the Bishop and his son spoke of me as a confirmed infidel, and lamented publicly the lost souls of my family.

Another time I heard Plaine advocating communism to my conservative banker—when I had overdrawn my account. The next day I received a formal note from the bank calling my attention to that fact; with the usual result. But my Aunt Honoria’s business was worse than this.

I had expectations from my Aunt Honoria; and in fact she

had more than once told me distinctly that she intended to leave me all she had. She was staying with me one winter; was to have stayed all the winter; would have probably gone on staying to the end of her life. And she paid well. Plaine Downright called one day. He had just been reading somebody’s book on Mormonism, and he was full of it. He would talk of it; and all my endeavours to stop him were useless. And he advocated polygamy sturdily. My aunt Honoria sat on the sofa knitting. She was an unmarried lady of about fifty-five or so, who used to boast, with grim emphasis, that no man had ever presumed to make love to her. And I fully believe her. She said very little. She only sat and knitted; every now and then looking over her spectacles at Plaine, as if he had been a painted savage performing a wardance. Plaine read her face, and became more outrageous in consequence. From polygamy he got on to ‘terminable marriages’—marriages contracted without ceremony or obligations, to continue just so long as, and no longer than, the wish of the parties interested; and when he said this, Aunt Honoria rose very deliberately, shook out her skirts, and left the room.

She spent that evening in packing, and the next day she left the house; writing to me immediately on her arrival at my cousin’s, declining all further communication with a nephew who could admit into his house such a person as Mr. Plaine Downright. ‘If these were my friends,’ she said, ‘neither I nor they were fit for her to know.’

Soon after this she died; and her will, dated the week after she had listened to Plaine’s views on the great marriage question, and had established herself at my

cousin's, cut me off with a legacy of five pounds to buy a Mant's Bible—with a prayer that I might thereby have grace to perceive and acknowledge the deadly error of my ways.

Of course I respect Plaine's uncompromising honesty; but I regret his habit of thrusting his opinions on every one's notice as he does. He might just as well keep them to himself unless he is really asked to give them; but to go about, as he does, throwing stones at every one's idols, and hurting all men's consciences because it pleases him to gratify his own, is, I think, a very undesirable, and indeed a very selfish thing to do. Look at the harm he has done me—me whom he calls his friend; and as I have proved myself on more than one occasion when he would have come to grief of no light kind but for my help! Yet he has all but ruined me; I know without intending to hurt me; but just

for the gratification of that dreadful 'iconoclasm' of his. Ruffe is bad enough, but Ruffe is more laughed at than condemned; though to be sure he lost me Lady Fineairs' friendship; still that was nothing compared to Plaine, and what *he* has cost me. It seems to me that 'iconoclasts,' however valuable to the community at large, should make so much concession to public opinion as not to volunteer an exhibition of their 'sling and stone' in ordinary drawing-rooms. If they want to testify, let them choose a fitting field where they can hurt no one but their declared and willing adversaries. But it is rather hard on their friends to be dragged into the fray, whether they like it or not; and to be labelled as belonging to a creed, simply because their humanity is greater than their party spirit, and their hearts are wide enough to admit the good of all sorts and conditions of thought.



A SPRING CAPRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

CAME your merry laughter falling,
 Musically on mine ear,
 As from birds in Spring days calling
 To their loves, the carols clear ;
 Came your sweet low laughter pealing
 Through the sad grove of my mind,
 As between sere beech-leaves stealing
 Blows the gentle evening wind.

Came the richness of your laughter
 As a song that, brought again,
 In the mournful days hereafter,
 Bids the dry heart melt in rain ;
 Came its tones, such music making
 As when, ranked in merry band,
 Curl the crisp waves lightly breaking
 On the dull and sullen sand.

Came its liquid murmur clearly
 As a fountain's music sweet,
 That, in the parched desert, dearly
 Doth the tir'd traveller greet ;
 Came its cadence lightly speeding
 O'er my heart's waste, silent ground,
 As Eve's silver laugh from Eden
 To the bare, blank world around !



SOCIAL OUTLINE.—COMING OF AGE OF THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

LEAVES BY A LISTENER.

In the Studios.

SOME FORTHCOMING PICTURES.

WHISPERS and echoes having now resolved themselves into definite reports, I, as a listener, proceed to record such facts about forthcoming pictures for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy as have reached my acute and sensitive ears. Of course I do not criticize; and if here and there an approach to an opinion be set down, it must always be understood that I am not responsible for it. I never form opinions; I only listen to those expressed by others. I sometimes venture to assume; this is the most I do; and so, to begin with, I venture to assume that there are few painters who have dealt more successfully with the period of the great French revolution than Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.; and it will be a source of congratulation to his admirers to know that this year he will be found once again revealing in that dramatic and terrible time.

He shows us the interior of the great lumbering half diligence-like coach, on its way back from Varennes, after the ineffectual attempt of the royal family to escape from France through that town. There, of course, conspicuous amongst the occupants of the huge vehicle, is the king, disguised as a valet, dejected and broken down, his hat dragged over his eyes; there is the queen, who has slung her hat to the roof above, haughty, cool, and defiant, with the Dauphin asleep in her lap; there is the Dauphiness, clinging to her mother, terrified, and shielding herself from the gaze of the crowd with the window-blind; and

Madame Elizabeth, courageous, but deeply moved. Through the farther window, in the bright, hot, dusty weather, is the maddened crowd, armed with scythes, staves, and pitchforks, some of them clambering into the trees, the better to see the unhappy captives, and the rest menacing and gesticulating ominously, as is significantly shown by the one uplifted hand, grasping a knife, and all but thrust into the carriage. The canvas is not very large, but the faces coming necessarily close together, are yet of good size; and the work, highly finished in every detail, displays great mastery of expression and feeling, and is full of intensely dramatic power. Mr. Ward's second picture is from the comedy of 'The Rivals,' and presents us with the quarrel between Captain Absolute and Lydia Languish—where she, having thrown upon the ground her lover's portrait, peeps cautiously at him as he examines hers. She has flung herself into a chair in a pet; and he, leaning against the mantelpiece, his back towards the spectator, and only his profile seen, is deliberating on the fate he shall award to Lydia's miniature, which he holds in his hand. The subject and costumes of this, as well as of the former picture, offer Mr. Ward all those opportunities for the display of his skill, of which we have known him to make such admirable use in former days.

To pass from husband to wife is but a natural transition, and therefore here let me tell of Mrs.

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E. M. Ward's forthcoming work, which is a domestic episode in the life of George III., where, as a middle-aged man at Windsor, one evening, he is playing with his favourite little daughter the Princess Amelia. Queen Charlotte, in the act of taking snuff, sits in conversation with that clever, celebrated, and witty old friend and intimate of the Court, Mrs. Delany, who, occupied with her distaff, listens to her mistress's gracious words, and watches and makes mental note of the familiar doings in the royal household. There is a group of ladies in waiting in the background, and a glimpse of the musicians in attendance discoursing sweet sounds. Full of character we may be sure the faces are, and if the indefatigable consulting of all the best known authorities can ensure good likenesses and essential characteristics, certain is it that we shall see a faithful portrayal of the persons represented, as they lived, and had their being.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., one of the notable absentees from the Exhibition of '71, will this year be represented by a sort of companion picture to his 'Palm Bearer,' of a few years since; and the work is very like this latter in general tone and feeling. It portrays a life-sized figure of an Eastern woman, with a child on her shoulder, the sort of picture which this artist has given us often before. The noble head of the aged but hale Sir John McNeill, of Persian-ambassadorial and Crimean-Commission notoriety, will afford Mr. Goodall an opportunity of appearing before us as a portrait-painter, a character which, publicly, he rarely assumes. On this occasion of a certainty, it will be curious to listen to the remarks which his work will pro-

voke, for it will have to stand the test of comparison with the treatment of the same head by the hand of Mr. Watts, R.A. I can already hear the disciples of the latter (those who insist on his being the greatest portrait-painter we English have ever possessed) denouncing Mr. Goodall's effort as weak, wishy-washy, and namby-pamby; whilst his admirers, on the other hand, will declare Mr. Watts' rendering of our Teheran ex-representative as coarse, dirty, unfinished, and abominable. There will be no end, I can foresee, to the controversy which this accidental clashing of subjects will bring about; and *à propos* of Mr. Watts, I may add that he has been engaged upon, and will therefore probably exhibit, a portrait of Mr. Calderon, R.A., of which report speaks very highly. Those who remember the heads of Mr. Millais, R.A., and Mr. Leighton, R.A., last season—and who, remembering, admire—will welcome gladly this farther addition to Mr. Watts' gallery of notabilities.

Mr. Calderon himself, too, following the healthful habit now overtaking our artists of depicting the features of their brethren of the brush, will contribute an admirably individualized portrait of Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., in addition to many other works, the largest and chief amongst which is a pic-nic on the river. A delicious sunny landscape, formed by the celebrated Magpie Eyot, backs up and enfolds the scene. In the foreground a boat and punt are moored; a pretty girl, eating strawberries, receives the attentions and flirtations of young swells in flannels! Beyond, on the grass, is spread the tablecloth with the remains of the feast—the lobsters, the salads, the cold beef, &c. By this are seated

two pretty, dainty, demure little girls of some seventeen years, unmistakably twins, shyly sipping their tea, and in them is centred the point of the picture. The contrast of their looks and behaviour with the group in the foreground, the indignant glances of their mamma (who is close beside them) at the 'young person' who engrosses the attention of all the bachelors, are most admirably rendered, making the story at once complete and significant. Then we have, as accessories, a pompous old clergyman holding forth, with appropriate action of eye-glass, to a young lady looking reverently up at him, a pair of lovers in the distance, and a comical episode of a young fellow rushing to the assistance of a girl who has started back, terrified, by the unexpected capture of a very small fish. Mr. Calderon sends besides a full-length portrait of a lady—a poetic female figure with a guitar, title unknown—and most likely several more proofs of his versatile facility.

Versatility, also, will best describe one of the many powers Mr. H. S. Marks is about to display in his forthcoming picture; for whereas last season, in the 'Book-worm,' we had but a single human figure with a mass of wondrous still life, we shall this year have any number of heads and figures, and little or nothing else; for it is a crowd literally which he depicts, an expectant, jostling, hustling, noisy crowd awaiting an advancing procession. A belt of people, so to speak, stretches right across the canvas, which is long and rather narrow. They are ranged upon a sort of causeway, raised a little above a piece of sunken road in the immediate foreground, and along which it is supposed the approaching procession is coming. All

eyes are turned in one direction, and look out of the picture to the right. All ages and conditions are there, and every variety of expression and attitude; some lounging indifferently, others leaning on a barrier, some elbowing and squeezing, and others grouped around a low flight of steps. When I say that there is a dog—an ancestor, doubtless, of the Derby animal!—howling at the coming cavalcade, a mediæval background of houses on the outskirts of a country town, a peep of distant peaceful landscape with a man ploughing, that the costumes are of the Henry the Eighth period, that the title is 'The King! the king!' it will be readily understood that Mr. Marks has selected a subject thoroughly after his own heart.

Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Millais' two landscapes, they are sure to create some difference of opinion; for there will be plenty of people to say they are not equal to 'Chill October,' and plenty of other people to insist that they are quite as good, if not better. Number one, since there must be a number one to begin with, represents the river Tay within five miles of Perth, as seen from an adjacent hill-side. Looking down on a broad open reach of the river, which winds away until it is lost amidst the masses of wood, autumn tinted and rich toned, in the middle distance, we have in the immediate foreground on the right an important figure episode. Beneath the shelter of a wall sits a fair 'lassie,' with her pet cat asleep beside her, listening to the doubtless honeyed words of a braw Highlander, of the 93rd Regiment, in full uniform. With ostrich-feathered head gear, buff-faced scarlet jacket, kilt, sporran, checked hose, white gaiters and the rest,

he stands conspicuous, one foot resting on a stone, in powerful relief from the river and the distance against which his figure cuts. Then, away towards the left, lower down the hill, we see a comrade of his lingering, whilst, as we may suppose, in waiting for the soldiers. On the margin of the river, lies a ferry boat. On the other side, across the water, harvesting is going on, in fields which stretch away from the banks towards the woodlands, amongst which peep up cottages and a village church, and other evidences of pastoral life. In the extreme distance rise the far-off ridges of the Highlands, down upon which settle such few fine weather clouds as are to be found in the picture: whilst the whole is crowned with a clear and tender, but not a sunny, sky. The principal figures are large, that is to say, considerably over a foot in height; but, of course, those immediately occupied among the corn sheaves or stooks being, comparatively, far off are small, and do not assume any more importance than such items generally do in landscape. The human element, however, in the foreground is highly finished, and, as will have been gleaned already, is thoroughly unconventional in its aspect, but equally realistic with the rest of the picture: the whole of which, though painted with the utmost care and detail, is in Mr. Millais' latest and broadest manner, and gives to the spectator the perfect effect of being on the spot, of looking on the actual scene through an open window, of which the frame is the boundary. The second landscape is, so to speak, a closer view; and it gives us a water-mill, surrounded and backed up by elm and beech trees, willows and withies. The 'Mill race,' on the left, comes tumbling and

bubbling towards us, having done its work with the wheel, which, although we do not see, we can identify the position of by the construction of the building (also on the left, but some way off) and the general 'lay' of the land. The main stream, quick running but placid by comparison with that portion of it dammed off for man's requirements, emerges from the trees, running across the centre of the picture, and occupies the lower right-hand portion of the canvas. Two figures only are to be found in this work, and neither of them very important. One, the nearest, is a lad fishing; the other, quite unobtrusive, is engaged in loading the miller's cart with flour sacks hard up under the shadow of the mill. Late autumn is the time of year, if not positively 'Chill October,' as shown by the falling and the fallen leaves, and the deepening tints of the vegetation. A grey cloudy canopy overhangs the scene, and gives a solemn poetry to the place. The air is not 'made misty by the floating meal,' but all the feelings which mill-life evokes are aroused within us as we look. Both canvases are fully as large as that which won the painter such renown last year. The painting, equally large, in feeling and touch is identical, but whether either picture will be as universally popular as was 'Chill October' remains to be seen. The wisdom of the introduction of the conspicuous figures in landscape number one is sure to provoke discussion, and, doubtless, the talk will run high about 'harmony,' 'in keeping,' 'composition,' and so forth. It is not the first time we have seen a Highlander from Mr. Millais' hand; the 'Order of Release' showed us his power of dealing with the hardy Norseman; and, many years ago, 'In the

'Trenches—News from Home,' a small, unostentatious picture of a Highlander reading a letter amongst gabions and fascines, showed us that details of military costume were not unfamiliar to this versatile painter; but how the introduction of a spick and span soldier of the 93rd into a pastoral landscape will be received excites a feeling of curiosity. In portraiture, too, Mr. Millais will, as usual, be found very strong. A full-length life-sized picture of the Marquis of Westminster as an M. F. H. in tops, leathers, and scarlet coat; Sir James Paget, painted for St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Three young ladies (sisters) playing at dummy whist, and a young boy dressed in ruby red, are the subjects from this great master's hand the most likely to attract attention.

English history again takes possession of Mr. Marcus Stone's canvas, and drifting back to earlier times than he has recently dealt with, we find him portraying one of the especial characteristics of that effete potentate, Edward the Second, viz., his love of ribald jokes. His weak, sensual, indolent nature is giving itself up to the full enjoyment of the doubtful jest which Piers Gaveston whispers to his royal patron, to the infinite disgust and jealousy of the assembled barons, courtiers, petitioners, &c., gazing at the favourite's effrontery. The scene is in a garden, and is marked by all that care for detail and scenic effect which surely are to be found in Mr. Stone's work, whilst the treatment as to actual size, both of figures and picture, is on a much larger scale than usual.

A contrast indeed to 'Nausicaa and her Maidens,' so popular in 1871, is the subject and treatment of the principal work Mr. George Leslie, A.R.A., has in store for us

in this present year of grace. More properly to be described as a landscape with figures, perhaps, than as a figure picture, it is suggestive, poetic, and full of tone. The story must be supplied by the spectator, there is plenty of material to stimulate his imagination. It may be an elopement, an escape, a mission of life or death: anything, in a word, romantic and interesting. For, to the right, on the bank of a river, stands a young lady in the riding habit of some 'hundred years since,' awaiting a ferry-boat which is crossing with a man and two spent horses; she has a brace of pistols in her hand, and there is a valise at her feet. The background, of a mysterious-looking old mill and houses, the low-toned twilight sky, the dramatic situation represented, and the conflicting expressions in the girl's face, lend an air of intense human interest to a very beautiful picture. Highly popular likewise will be the second subject this painter treats us to, simple though it be to the last degree, for it is nothing more than the figure of a gleaner seated on a stile; and largely exhibiting all those qualities which have won its author so much renown, it cannot fail to attract especial attention.

Mr. J. B. Burgess, properly quitting the modern domestic into which he lapsed last year in his nursery scene, 'A Cup of Tea,' returns to his beloved Andalusia, and is necessarily thoroughly at home. 'Kissing the Relics' is as Spanish as Spanish can be, and shows, in the interior of a church, two ministering priests exhibiting for adoration and embrace, some grim and ghastly bony relics, conspicuously a human jaw-bone, silver-mounted, as one may say, after the fashion of a meerscham pipe, and which is held forth in a napkin by one of the priests,

across a table, and is being kissed by a lovely Spanish girl, a blue-blooded devotee, whose form stretching forward to meet it contrasts with the ragamuffin crowd of peasants and common folk awaiting their turn to display their religious zeal. Plenty of character in every head and figure, notably the smug, conscious complacency of the elder of the priests who is up to the imposture, and chuckles at its success; the bigoted belief displayed in the expression of reverence and awe in the face of the younger, the calm devotion in the lady, the ignorance and superstition of the supernumeraries, necessarily go to the making up of a picture calculated to maintain the celebrity this artist has acquired in dealing with Spanish life. The scene, witnessed by himself at Segovia, a place somewhat remote from the beaten track, and still unpenetrated by any ray of modern scepticism, bears all the impress of truth.

Algeria has no more faithful expositor on canvas than Mr. J. E. Hodgson. He has a picture of a bashaw inspecting a squad of recruits absurdly dressed, some with British policemen's coats over their native attire, and with ridiculous head-gear in the shape of European helmets, &c. Full of character and humour, beautifully drawn, and conscientious in workmanship, effective sunlight in the background throwing the figures into tone, and a dazzling sense of daylight pervading the whole, all these are surely items that can lead but to one result. Mr. Hodgson is definitely making his mark in a line of his own, and a second picture of a 'Snake Charmer,' with all the appropriate surroundings, and in his best manner, tempts me to assume that it will not be long ere he will be entitled

to initials after, as well as before his name.

The ever-popular Charles II. period furnishes Mr. Yeames, A.R.A., with a pleasant theme; a marriage procession passing through an antique lych-gate raised picturesquely on steps. The bride and bridegroom come towards us, nearly in the centre of the picture; a group of musicians are on one side, and a bevy of flower-distributing girls and women on the other. Cheerful and bright in colour, here is a promise, as far as can be judged at present, of much beauty and interest.

'Treason!' the 'Sallyport!' 'Conspiracy!' and titles such as these, Mr. Pettie, A.R.A., has ever delighted in, and the public has ever delighted in his treatment of them. Therefore when, in connection with his name, I tell of a gloomy hall, tapestried and banner-hung, of a long table stretching right across it, of a group of half-starved, weary and worn burghers seated thereat—of a stalwart Spanish-looking armour-clad figure, with his flag of truce flowing over one arm, dictating terms of surrender with energetic action and uplifted head—and when I tell, of fine and brilliant colour, of dexterous painting, and of great dramatic power, I surely tell enough to raise hopes, and stimulate curiosity. Mr. Pettie, it is said, has never been in greater force, and the report sounds to my ears thoroughly trustworthy. He also has a landscape and figure subject of three maidens coming along a country lane to consult a gipsy fortune-teller ensconced in the hollow of an aged oak.

Impossible to mention Mr. Pettie without thinking of Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A.; and here again interest will centre in a scene of his showing how two rakehell cavaliers chaffed a Puritan in the

street as he escorted two fair maidens on their way past the shops; how they shrank from the ribald jests, and how their protector grasped his sword in wrath, and jeopardized the public peace. I leave to others the description of pictures not yet begun, and therefore only say that Mr. Orchardson, if he send a second contribution, will treat of sunflowers and lovers in a garden, and all that thereunto appertains.

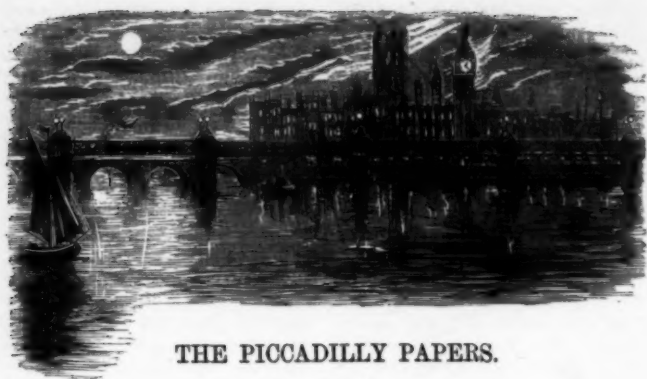
Engaged on decorative art at South Kensington, Mr. Leighton R.A., will not be a large contributor to the Academy show, but I am told two figures of 'Peace' and 'War' will still retain his name in the catalogue, and Mr. Armitage, A.R.A., with his procession of women famous in Holy Writ, beginning with Eve, followed by Hagar, Ruth, Esther, Susannah, the Queen of Sheba, &c., will give some of his decorative talent to the rooms at Burlington House.

The painter of 'Barnaby Rudge and the Dogs' (exhibited in '71), destined ere long to be much better known, will win further fame by his 'Saxon Wolf-hunters,' returning with their tribute of wolves' heads. Mr. Heywood Hardy illustrates, on a canvas over five feet long, an incident common enough, doubtless, in the days of King Edgar, who, bent on exterminating the beasts from these islands, demanded a yearly tribute of wolves' heads. On a winter's day, from the outskirts of an oak forest, with a glimpse of open common country,

comes to the foreground a wild, sturdy, skin-covered, tangle-haired young Saxon, a spear loosely grasped in his right hand. He is holding up with extended left arm, a wolf's head, at which bounds with savage eagerness a rough and exaggerated species of our present Highland deer-hound, in old times used for the hunting of the wolf. He is followed by an elder hunter bearing a number of heads and skulls on his shoulder, the tribute, and a little aside is a lad holding back two more hounds who are straining in the leash. The whole scene, vigorous in action, novel, and admirably painted, must make its mark.

As a hanger, Mr. Frith, R.A., will probably not be an extensive exhibitor. At any rate he will be represented by no important work of the 'Derby Day,' or 'Salon d'Or' calibre. The newly and justly elected associate, Sir John Gilbert, has been so seriously ill, that it is hardly possible to say what amount of work in oil he will have to show—but hold! a time will come when the most indefatigable listener must stop his ears and his scribbling, and despite a din in which the names of Prinsep, Long, Faed, Horsley, Elmore, Miss Starr, Wynfield, Story—mingled with elaborate accounts of Venetian gondolas, girls amongst rhododendron bushes, Spaniards, Highland domestic scenes, and a multitude of interesting details, are conspicuous—I must not now encroach farther upon the space of 'London Society.'





THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

AT WESTMINSTER.

THE Sixth of February was a memorable day. Our rainy skies have never been so rainy as they have been since the beginning of the year, the worst skies that we have had for thirty years, and really beginning to cause some alarm. Oxford, in the centre of its floods, was something to be seen and remembered. Westminster was only dingy and dirty on the day when the Parliamentary Session commenced. Still, this was the inaugural day of the London season. People congregated at the Horse Guards, and in Palace Yard appeared to have some kind of confused notion that the Queen was going to open the two Houses, a curious instance of inaccurate information in days when we are all supposed to be well informed on political matters. The one relieving touch of such a day was the presence of ladies, who numbered very largely, though only in morning dresses, and without the colour and splendour that have been so often witnessed. The Queen's meagre and ungrammatical Speech—the work of men who being fast talkers are in-

accurate writers—was read correspondingly in a hesitating, confused, muddling way, by Lord Chancellor Hatherley, as if already within the shadow of Lord Stanhope's condemnatory motion. The Members engage in eager converse in small groups, and, as they troop back from the Lords, those of them who are not proud, enter into conversation with people in the lobby. Then things are brought to a pause till the House resumes at four.

There were several points which gave this first evening a special interest. A flood of notices, some of them in the highest degree significant, foreshadowed the course of the Session and some probable complications. The list of notices was like the Argument which precedes some book of epical battle. We have still to study this list of motions if we want to take an accurate forecast of the line of events. In the next place, the polling for two important elections was going on. The debate on the Address had hardly commenced when the telegraphic reports of the close of the

polls arrived; and, although the return in one case was contested, there was a moral certainty on the event before the debate had concluded. In each case the issue was disastrous to Government. In Ireland the Home Rule party obtained another victory; and the Yorkshire election, which Mr. Gladstone is stated to have watched with special interest, terminated in favour of the Opposition candidate. This beginning of things looked ominous for the Ministry. Then, again, this was the last night on which Mr. Denison was to sit as Speaker of the House. As the president of the popular Chamber walked to the Lords, that noble face and figure seemed to us worn and depressed, and during the debate he seemed to retire into the shadow as much as possible. Mr. Brand may be a very admirable man in his way, but it will take him some time to show himself a Speaker of the Eversley or Ossington sort. The tone of the clubs, of society, and of the newspapers to a great extent, not excepting those provincial papers which the Premier so much admires, was unfavourable to the Ministry. A very vigorous and amusing onslaught might have been expected against them about evaded statutes and sinking ships. But America absorbed all other subjects. The public interest on the occasion was, of course, very great. Somehow Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli cannot help flinging something gladiatorial into their manner, but at the same time it was perfectly evident that there was to be no division in the national councils, and that the Parliament should interpose a united front to the Americans. It is all very well to talk of extreme friendliness, to cover the American unfriendliness with every delicate gloss, and to be

profuse in the language of compliment and conciliation. The real feeling of the House was one of intense disgust and annoyance at the narrow trickery and ungenerosity of the American case, but the House, according to a prudent fashion, decorously restrained its feeling, while its action was indeterminate. Still, the feeling seemed to be there, and to be seeking some expression. I have never heard more intense and hearty applause in the House of Commons than that which followed some ringing passages in the two great speeches of the evening. The American question was the one thought of all; even the lively little Collier episode was thrown into the shade. Mr. Disraeli seemed greatly better since I saw him last. Some time ago I saw him at the seaside, with a look of infinite weariness, and only feebly dragging himself along, although he would draw himself up with that old chivalrous animation that belongs to him. He was in capital voice that evening. There was the old tone of irony when he talked of the 'friendly message,' and chaffed the Government about living 'in a blaze of apology.' Still there was no 'free debate.' Feeling was not free, expression was not free, and the leaders spoke under a sense of grave responsibility. Mr. Gladstone's speech was noticeable for the double occasion on which he appealed to a wider than the English speaking public, to the whole civilized world; first in reference to that electric sympathy with which the illness of the Prince of Wales had been watched, and next as to the impartial tribunal which will judge between us and the Americans. This is one of the marks of the very opposite tendency to disintegration, namely, that of the community of nations which is

increasingly distinguishing our age. Mr. Gladstone showed deep sensitiveness in his voice when he said that he was charged in his supposed evasion of the Act, with something only short of treason (the 'Times' absurdly prints it *scandal*), and he used some of his 'impassioned' tones when he described the American claims as those 'which not even the last extremities of war and the lowest depths of misfortune would force a people with a spark of spirit—with the hundredth part of the traditions or courage of the people of this country—to submit to at the point of death.' Mr. Gladstone concluded in a sort of benedictory way, as if he was winding up a sermon. As soon as he sat down there was everywhere a rush of departure, except a few country cousins in the Strangers' Gallery, who stayed to hear some Irish members ventilate their grievances on the supposition that all speeches made in the House were of equal importance.

It is necessary to do something between the Address from the Throne and the debate on it. As an interlude we just slipped across the road to see how the interminable Tichborne case was progressing. That octagonal chamber is, as usual, crowded to the utmost. There is Miss Braine placidly knitting away in her corner. Just above her sits a great novelist, with a keen cheerful look, placidly scanning the court, and storing up all kind of materials for the future. There is the Right Honourable ex-judge Coleridge listening, day after day, to the speech of his clever son, the longest speech in English history. People are very anxious to hear the speech, but I am not sure they don't get the best of it by reading it in the papers. The reports give a smoothness and

continuity to it which it does not really possess. A solicitor from below looks up and whispers to the advocate; a barrister from the back row looks down and whispers; the learned counsel reads and comments on the evidence. Mr. Attorney does his best to enliven things—a literary allusion, a touch of pathos, a goading up into temporary eloquence, profuse compliments and apologies to the jury, and a little sound abuse of the plaintiff's counsel and solicitor. Mr. Attorney has a high courage and that apparent confidence in his verdict which is often a considerable means towards getting it. He is almost alone on this occasion in the front seat, his faithful second, Mr. Hawkins, remaining close to him till the clock points very nearly to four. With an entire self repression, with an entire abnegation of all prominent functions, he has given silent, effectual assistance to his chief all through the case, and enlivened the proceedings with the kind of wit deemed appropriate to courts of justice. The plaintiff's forensic admirers have for the moment dwindled to a single junior counsel on the back benches. A lady has been shown into the Queen's Counsel row, we suppose, by some chivalrous door keeper. As Mr. Attorney proceeds to read the Melapilla evidence, the lady considerably asks him why he doesn't sit down. 'Why don't I sit down, ma'am?' he exclaimed, 'because I should not be able to do my work with much energy if I did.' The same remark was substantively made by Lord Granville the same evening when the Duke of Richmond advised him to sit down. Mr. Attorney shows only a moderate degree of energy, no doubt storing it up for the peroration. His voice, wonderfully clear and

musical, is unbroken and unfatigued to the last; and he speaks as leisurely as if he had hours and hours before him, whereas he brings his remarks to a somewhat rhetorical pause as the hand is on the very stroke of four. The style of the speech is, in these days at least, whatever it may be afterwards, conversational rather than oratorical—the only style which is really proper for such an unavoidably long address. One cannot get on the stilts for three weeks at a run. The Attorney-General laid down rather a curious doctrine on the morality of advocacy in the latter course of his remarks. He virtually said that in the case of murder, or anything of that sort, a counsel might continue to hold his brief although he knew his client was guilty, but an exception arose in the case of fraud. In that case solicitors and counsel shared in the fraud, and rendered themselves connivers and participators. Whereupon there ensued something very like a serious row, and Serjeant Ballantine neatly interpolated a little speech for the delivery of which he really had at the time no *locus standi*. But the case itself is really a very important one, going deep into the very foundation of the morality of advocacy. If the Attorney-General's remark is true, and there is probably a degree of truth in it, he cannot limit its application to matters of fraud. No heathen barrister—not Cicero, not Hortensius—would go on with a case, or even undertake it with a settled conviction of its iniquity, but somehow our own national ethics permit Christian barristers to do so. As for the Tichborne case I have, like the rest of the world, a very strong opinion; but it would not as yet be permissible to publish it.

Every one seemed to assent to the Attorney's proposition in the abstract, although it is a proposition which would make sad havoc among the gentlemen of the bar. But there was no room for the remark on the facts. The letter which originated the remarks was well known to the defendants, and forms part of the Orton case to be discussed by-and-by. It is hardly for the Attorney-General of England to make a *fracas*.

The parting between the House and its Speaker was of a kind that made it an event well worthy of commemoration. It is not often that the leader of the House proposes a resolution which is seconded by the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Denison had made an excellent Speaker, not after the type of Manners Sutton, or Lefevre, but in culture and in character second to none, and superior to most. All men had concurred to support the Speaker, except perhaps Mr. Newdegate, and we have seen that honourable member maintain an attitude towards the Speaker which, if adequately reported, would have roused some indignation in the country. It was quite touching to find Mr. Newdegate saying subsequently, in the genuine language of confession, that the Speaker 'had reconciled the most refractory to his well ordered sway.' The Premier excited some sensation by reading a passage in a letter from the Speaker, worthy of being preserved: 'Though without any pretensions to wealth I have a private fortune that will suffice, and for the few years of life that remain to me I should be happier in feeling that I am not a burden to my fellow countrymen.' The House, that frequently takes a cash view of a subject, applauded the sentiment; but the words are rather a reflection on previous

Speakers such as Mitford, Abbott, Abercrombie, and Lefevre, and if made a precedent would probably prevent any great lawyer, as has been the case before, from occupying this great position.

So the new Session was inaugurated with the election of a new Speaker. There is a momentary pause, and then the vessel of the state moves forward into unknown water. The American rack of difficulty looms ahead: Mr. Gladstone stated that, under 'direct damages,' was included not only the mischief wrought by the privateering cruiser, but also the pay of the vessels that pursued them. Under other circumstances this latter item would create astonishment and dismay, but it was lost sight of in the larger issues involved. The Americans some time ago would have been content with six millions, it is now stated that under no circumstances do they expect less than twenty-four millions. We write for ourselves, and it seems to us that the feeling is that concession has reached its furthest limits, that we have been not only just but generous and liberal to a degree, and that perhaps it is best for us to be well out of the Treaty and take all chances.

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

Such a work as Sir Henry Holland's autobiography appears to us to possess an extraordinary value. Sir Henry is the very Nestor of our day. He has had a long life, and one that has been wisely and carefully planned, and the plan carried out with patience, energy, and determination. We have all heard of his great reputation as a physician, and some of us have read his volumes of essays on various medical and philosophical subjects. But he has also been one of our

greatest travellers, and one of our great social powers. Before he settled down in London practice, he was known for his travels in Iceland and the East, and was also noted for his familiarity with European courts, when travelling physician to the Princess of Wales. Since then he has given two months in every year to travel; and we have no doubt that the rest and change were as beneficial to his London patients as to himself. The range of travel was immense. It comprised repeated visits to different European countries, and great familiarity with America and the East. He, perhaps, knows the Mediterranean as thoroughly as any man living, and river scenery—Nile, Volga, Danube, Mississippi, Potomac, Ottawa—was, one might almost say, a specialty with him. He has run risks in robbery, earthquake, battle, fire, shipwreck. Sir Henry's avoidance of hospital business, and his determination to keep within the modest limits of five thousand a year, enabled him to secure this large measure of leisure. He remembers finding a patient in his room when he came back from the Eastern heights, where the Ten Thousand caught their first sight of the Euxine; and once, 'in returning from Egypt and Syria, I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge, to take me to a consultation in Sussex Square. More than once, in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston station.' In his early travels he knew the gay court of Naples thoroughly half a century ago. 'Laura di Berio, the younger daughter of the Marquis, a rare specimen of the peculiar beauty of Italy, and richly imbued with her father's literary tastes, proffered herself as my instructress in the reading of Italian poetry. Whether an apt scholar or not, my

memory forces me to confess that I was a willing one.' Sir Henry was not only a man of science and a linguist, and a philosophical observer, but also an excellent scholar. He has made a rule of reading a Greek or Latin author, if only a very little, every day, and he has, consequently, a far larger range of reading than most scholars. Sir Henry has not permitted himself to indulge in those countless reminiscences which might occur to him as a physician. Indeed, his double relationship, as friend and physician, to many illustrious patients, was both perplexing and delicate, but with infinite tact he always steered aright. He was medical adviser to six Prime Ministers; he attended the last moments of the Prince Consort; he knew the leading men of most foreign courts; he lived on terms of close intimacy with the famous men and women who made up the best part of London society in his time. He is, indeed, one of the few remaining links that unite us to many great memories of the past. He knew Cardinals Mezzofanti and Mai; he has sat with Abraham Lincoln over a log fire, and with Napoleon at Carlton House Terrace; he knew Byron, who, he says, scorned the attentions of society, and was miserable without them; he knew Madame de Stael and Lady Morley, Catharine Fanshawe and Lydia White; philosophers, like Cavendish and Davy; lawyers, like Abinger and Lyndhurst; he was on the original committee of the Athenæum Club, and he had the entrée of Holland House.

On taking a retrospect of his long life, there are many social changes that occur to him, and many valuable lessons that may be derived from his life, but none more valuable than his own example of intellectual activity. He takes a

comprehensive and impartial view of things, but at the same time he is certainly *laudator temporis acti*. He complains that the repute of scholarship is not worth what it once was; not, we think, because it has relatively declined, but because of the enormous advance of physical science, to which Sir Henry himself has made signal contributions. He sees that it is impossible that a coterie like that of Holland House should ever again exercise a similar enormous influence; but this is not, perhaps, very much to be regretted. It is, however, much to be regretted if intellectual ability appears really likely in these days to be overshadowed by plutocracy and ochlocracy. Sir Henry's notes on society and science are admirable, and only too brief. There is much sense in his strictures on the overcrowding of evening parties, and the irrational multiplication of societies and charities. He has added a little to the pictures of Holland House that have been given us by Macaulay and Judge Talfourd. The independence of men who might be thought dependent, is interestingly brought out. John Allen sat at the head of the table and carved, but 'even Lady Holland did not escape his angry contradictions, and had a certain dim fear of them.' Similarly, Baron Stockmar, that devoted attendant to royalty, had the greatest objection to letter-writing, and left even the letters of royalty unanswered. People of genius felt a natural affinity to Sir Henry, who attended to their ailments and, we know, often refused their fees. There are a few interesting anecdotes, but Sir Henry tells us that he is not a good story-teller, and has acted on that mistaken conviction. It is interesting to know that Sir George Lewis, shortly before his death, wrote to him, withdrawing

his frequent vehement assertion that a human being never reached the age of a hundred. He tells us how the Queen invited Miss Berry to an interview, when she was in her ninetieth year. He tells us how he suggested to Mrs. Somerville the plan of her great work. Sir Henry gives—from his own habitation, of which the tradition is that Burke very often dined there—a lesson of the mutability of things: 'Four years of prosperous practice enabled me to remove to the house in Brook Street, where I have ever since lived; running deeply into a long lease, by the length of my own life; while there is scarcely a house within sight of mine which has not changed its tenancy four or five times over. This has endeared my own habitation to me, and I shall never seek to change it.* We sincerely trust that Sir Henry will long continue to inhabit it.

Works on public institutions have, no doubt, a useful character of their own. Mr. Cowton, in his 'Memories of the British Museum' (Bentley), has made a considerable addition to its literature. A work of high *metier* is Dr. Bence Jones on the Royal Institution. This well-known author has been probably induced by the reception of his 'Life of Faraday,' to write the story of the Royal Institution from its foundation up to Faraday's time. The volume is chiefly biographical, and its biographies are chiefly those of Count Rumford and Sir Humphry Davy. We wish we had a fuller account of Dr. Young, whose singular character would well have repaid a careful treatment. Young's claims in science, as in his wonderful discoveries respecting light, were

unjustly eclipsed by the 'Edinburgh Review,' as were Wordsworth's, in poetry. Count Rumford is one of those men from whose lives a romance might be made, much more remarkable than most romances. Rumford was the founder of the Royal Institution, and discovered Davy; and, as Dr. Bence Jones pathetically puts it, got 'no thanks' for anything he did. With much pains-taking, the author has discovered considerable materials for the elucidation of the life of Count Rumford, and some, chiefly from the books of the Institution, for that of Davy. Benjamin Thompson was born in Massachusetts, and became shopman to a dry-goods dealer; before twenty, he had married a rich widow; or rather, as he used to put it, she married him. In the revolutionary war he took the royal side, and became secretary for Georgia, and afterwards an under-secretary of state; he was afterwards a colonel in the army, and was knighted; he then went abroad to take part in the war between Turkey and Austria; he was subsequently permitted to enter the service of the Elector of Bavaria by the English Government, who, however, refused to recognise him as Bavarian minister in London; afterwards he became a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, taking the title of Rumford; later, he married a fashionable Frenchwoman, and lived to his death in Paris. Shall we call him American, Englishman, German, or Frenchman? Was he more soldier, statesman, philosopher, or philanthropist? At any rate he loved science, and the Royal Institution was the result of that genuine love. The Count had his daughter over from America during his great days at Munich; and she found one of her father's aides-de-camp very amusing; but, she says, 'all her fine castles were demolished

* 'Recollections of Past Life.' By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L. Longmans.

by one blow from her father, and Count Taxis was ordered to join his regiment in the country.' To this daughter the poor Count afterwards poured out his own matrimonial troubles; but his real relief was in his scientific studies. On the whole, Count Rumford is a man who forcibly strikes the imagination, and he is deserving of a still better biography than any that has appeared. If Faraday founded the Institution, Sir Humphry Davy was the man who worked it up into fashion and success. After Davy's time it was simply kept alive by Faraday. But even Faraday was never such an eloquent and successful lecturer as Davy. The lecture room of the Institution became crowded with the most fashionable assemblages in London. Some of his friends might have thought that he was in danger of being spoilt; but this was not the philosopher's own idea. 'Be not alarmed, my dear friend, as to the effect of worldly society on my mind. . . . My *real*, my *waking* existence is amongst the objects of scientific research; common amusements and enjoyments are necessary to me only as dreams to interrupt the flow of thoughts.' His scientific career culminated in the invention of the safety-lamp, which has saved a multitude of lives. Dr. Bence Jones' volumes give admirable specimens of scientific biography, and ought to be a *Vade Mecum* with all members of the Royal Institution.*

Mr. Smiles' 'Character' is a work that is essentially biographical in its nature. It is a companion volume to his 'Self-Help,' and will not fail to be deservedly popular and successful. If it is not directly concerned with biography,

it is replete with lessons of biography. With most of the *ana*, indeed, we have had a long and somewhat tedious acquaintance. He seems, indeed, to have turned on the cataract of his note-book at full-cock. However, the grouping is new, the didactic element well done, and there are always people to whom old stories must be told afresh. We are glad of Mr. Smiles' protest against that pandering for popularity which is the bane of so many public men in our time. In fact, he is as distinguished for his ethical tone as for his genius in quotation. We cite a passage, which we think both sensible and opportune:—'And here we would venture to touch upon a delicate topic. Though it is one of universal and engrossing human interest, the moralist avoids it, the educator shuns it, and parents taboo it. It is almost considered indelicate to refer to love as between the sexes; and young persons are left to gather their only notions of it from the impossible love stories that fill the shelves of circulating libraries. This strong and absorbing feeling—this *besoin d'aimer*—which nature has for wise purposes made so strong in woman, that it colours her whole life and history, though it may form but an episode in the life of man—is usually left to follow its own inclinations, and to grow up for the most part unchecked, without any guidance or direction whatever. Although nature spurs all formal rules and directions in affairs of love, it might, at all events, be possible to implant in young minds such views of character as should enable them to discriminate between the true and the false, and to accustom them to hold in esteem those qualities of purity and integrity without which life is but a scene of folly and misery.'

* 'The Royal Institution: its Founder and its First Professors.' By Dr. Bence Jones, Honorary Secretary. Longmans.

Another very interesting biographical monograph is Mr. Joseph Hatton's account of Mark Lemon, the late editor of 'Punch,' a singularly interesting chapter in the history of contemporary literature. We are glad to hail its appearance in a new and cheap edition; and do not feel precluded by the fact, that some part of it appeared in 'London Society,' from giving it a hearty word of commendation.*

There is one more biography, at least, which we ought to mention, Sir Baldwyn Leighton's slender Memoir prefixed to the letters of Edmund Denison, the member for Newark, who died at Melbourne a fortnight after the Australian voyage, which, it had been hoped, would renovate his health. Mr. Denison's brief life was one of singular nobleness and unselfishness. He belongs to a family who have made their mark in their day. His father, the good Bishop of Salisbury, his uncle, the Speaker, and that other uncle, the Archdeacon St. George, without the Dragon (*sine Dracone*), are all men who have a share in our inner history. There are few cleverer things than Lord Lyttelton's supposed epitaph on Archdeacon Denison, in the new series of the 'Ephemera': 'Whiggorum, Radicalium, Ration-alistarum, Philogladstonorum quot-quot exeunt, flagrum indefessum, acerrimum.' Edmund Denison set before his mind a simple, noble

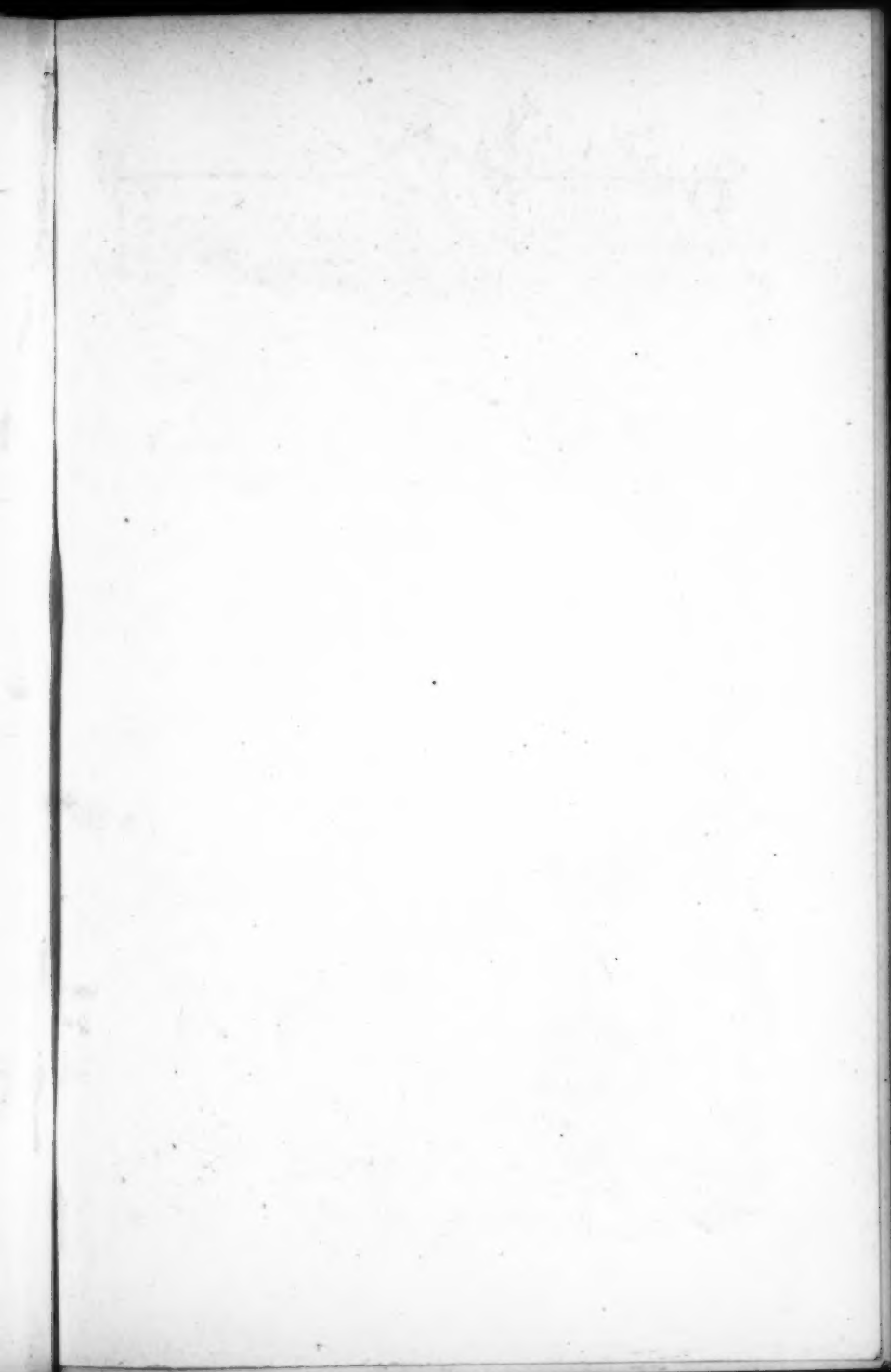
purpose—the study of the laws as affecting the wants of the poor, and their improvement and elevation. For this purpose he left all fashionable society, and took up his abode somewhere in the Mile-End Road. 'Real life,' he said, 'is not dinner parties and small-talk, nor even croquet and dancing.' He stayed in the East-End for some time, built and endowed a school, and worked in it himself. He went not to Paris and Edinburgh for the study of the Poor-law system; but went to see Victor Hugo, and was astonished at his wild communism. He had intended to make the American tour, now such a favourite one with young Englishmen, in the company of Sir Michael Beach; but his health quite broke down. The physician gave him the election between Melbourne and Cannes: but in either case it would be too late. For his direct, honest purpose, for noble disinterestedness, and for all the generous promises of genius, Edmund Denison stood pre-eminent; and his life, though so brief, is not imperfect, and has yet a trail of glory, and is fruitful in suggestions of self-denial and of moral and intellectual activity. Perhaps since Arthur Hallam died, there has been no young man who will be so remembered as Edmund Denison.*

* 'Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P. for Newark.' Edited by Sir Baldwyn Leighton, Bart. Bentley.

F. ARNOLD.

* 'With a Show in the North.' (New Edition.) By Joseph Hatton. Grant.







SPRING.

Welcome and fair ! with soft refreshing showers
The new-born Spring awakes the world of flowers !
Flings her green mantle over branches bare,
And with sweet perfume fills the balmy air.
The golden crocus opes its dewy wings,
Snowdrop to laughing lily softly sings.

Thus robed and crowned sweet Spring-time takes
her stand,
And flings her sunshine over all the land.

M. H.